The Future at Present *Stanley Kauffmann*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 20, 1965, 35 cents

Connally's Texas

Andrew Kopkind

Sign of the Borzoi

Stanley Weintraub

The Poor in Their Place

The Editors

Cuba's New Beat

Stephen Barber

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Man Interviews World About Art

WORLD: Don't you see, Man, if you want to understand Art, *study ME* — not the art works themselves. It's what happens right here on my surface that determines whether art works are "good" or "bad" — not the qualities of the art works themselves.

MAN: You mean it's mainly a gamble.

WORLD: Of course. Don't be so shocked. It's natural. When, as a result of a new invention, something becomes easy to do which was formerly hard to do — when sensations which had been rare become commonplace — thousands of previously "great" art works sink into oblivion. They become superfluous. What else could you expect? And accidents as to who does or does not get born and who does or does not survive can have even more far-reaching effects. For instance, let me tell you something about Mozart, whom you earthlings are so enthusiastic about just now. Eighteen men, practically duplicates of him were living on me at the same time he was. If they had all attained full achievement — instead of succumbing to various misfortunes — you would probably be referring to *Jupiter Symphony* as merely another mediocre musical composition among hundreds. An unusual case, you think? No more than countless others I have seen. Continents rise and fall; ice ages come and go; highly exceptional men make their appearance for no discernible reason. But don't draw the wrong conclusion. That doesn't mean I am completely unpredictable. I have certain trends and likelihoods. As I said, *Study me*, and you can learn to make fairly dependable short-term guesses about art, more or less as a meteorologist can in forecasting the weather. And with experience you can gradually do better and better.

MAN: You mean there are no immortal art works which will be eternally beautiful, no matter what happens? But everybody says . . .

WORLD: Please don't make me laugh too hard — I might explode through one of my extinct volcanoes. Well . . . it's been an interesting talk. You look cute in clothes. I remember you when you wore a tail and nothing else. Goodbye, and don't let the "wise guys" bluff you any more.

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"Language greatly used has all the sanction of a sacrament: the race is as incapable of forgetting a great poem as it is of losing its last wish under the stars."

"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

No branch of knowledge ever accomplished anything useful so long as it was dominated by mystic-minded men. Astronomy had to get rid of the astrologer; Medicine of the witch-doctor; Meteorology of the fellow who claimed he could forecast the weather for May 10th, five years ahead. Art is the same way. Until it eliminates the "clairvoyant" men who put on exhibitionistic rantings such as those quoted below (all by famous critics) it will remain in its present state of quackery — and you will remain the slick-talker's easy mark. This does not mean that you deny that experts may know more about art than you do. It means that you deny them the right to use that knowledge to brainwash you instead of to instruct you.

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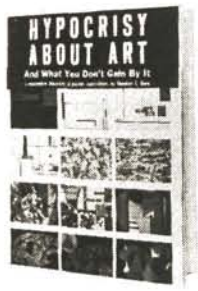

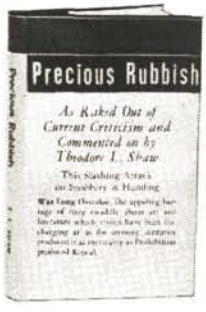

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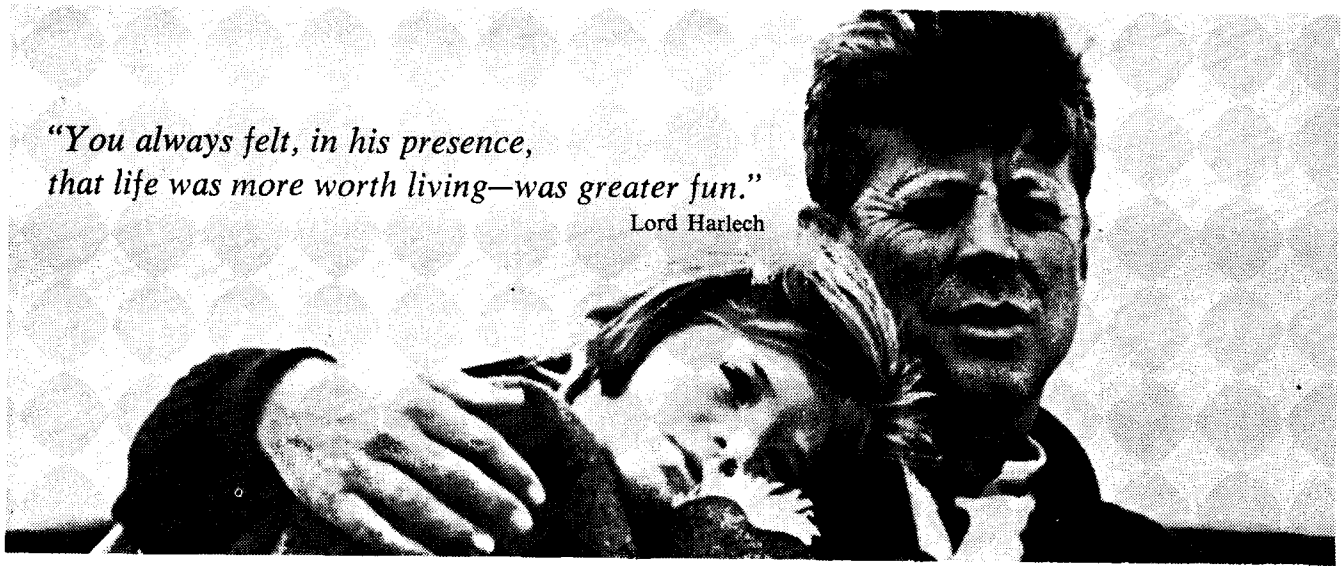

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T.R.B. from Washington

The Great Power Failure

★ In the London blackout, the feature was the courtesy of the people. Last week's incredible New York power failure made everybody neighbors, too. Maybe the end of the world will be a quiet affair, after all, with everybody helping old ladies across streets. Pianist Horowitz played a difficult work by Chopin in total darkness without missing a note. A 10-page *New York Times* was printed by the *Newark Evening News* with copy edited in Manhattan under light eked out by religious candles from Holy Cross and St. Malachy's Roman Catholic churches. Unnamed citizens directed traffic. In front of the Paramount Theater (wrote Joseph Herzberg of *The Times*) a young man met his date, kissed her and asked "What would you like to do tonight?"

And so automation collapsed. Here in Washington late arrivals at cocktail parties said breathlessly, "Have you heard the news?" Reports came, each more incredible. Boston, Vermont, Canada! One thought was uppermost – would they panic? Would there be riots, looting? More important than the engineering study of what happened in power lines will be the study of what happened in people's heads. For a while, evidence indicates, unnamed dread reigned. "The Russians, I suppose?" inquired a stranger in the darkness of Herald Square quite casually. Hysteria lay beneath the surface: it was touch-and-go. What saved the day? Apparently it was one unexpected corner of the electronic age that had not been blacked out, come Niagara Falls or high water. It was the battery-powered car radios. They kept the awed crowds calm. People had crammed St. Patrick's Cathedral – a good refuge against pickpockets or God's wrath, whichever it was. But the superb radio news coverage began at once. The cause –? No, not a formless, unnamed terror, but something about a transformer, or a grid, or "power surges." Good old kilowatts! – Those familiar, incomprehensible words soothed and reassured.

The 10,000 or so waiting for stalled trains at Pennsylvania station relaxed. Incipient terror departed; kilowatts eh? It was all right. People even adopted a kind of holiday mood to enjoy the damnedest snafu in history.

The "power surges" that blacked out the Northeast are now having their economic equivalent in humming US industry. Will the right switches be pulled; will automatic shut-offs work?

The dispute over aluminum had to come. Sooner or later an expanding economy reaches the inflation area. It is not difficult to understand. President Kennedy took office at the middle of General Eisenhower's third recession, and nursed the economy back to health by the bold stimulus of tax cuts and government spending irrespective of deficits. He and Mr. Johnson applied the techniques, in short, being used by European countries and taught in American colleges for 30 years. They worked. Deficits did not produce inflation. There have been 57 months of uninterrupted expansion.

Aluminum Temptation

★ But all this was made easier by the low base from which it started. Idle men and idle factories insulated us against inflation. As prosperity progressed the insulating layer grew thinner. It is still there, for optimum production has not been reached. But some industries, like aluminum, are now running at near capacity. The temptation to increase aluminum prices was irresistible. These prices have increased five times in three years, but so what? Spokesmen argued that their profits still lag behind other metals.

So now comes the real test. From the first it was said, "You can produce a boom but can you control it?" That is what we are finding out. Conservatives wait hopefully for the collapse they have predicted. The government should have intervened before. It watched Detroit pretend to cut prices while actually raising them. The line is finally drawn.

Mr. Johnson has managed the affair in his own unique manner. The fog of subordinates' conflicting statements reminded one of Santo Domingo. Above all he was avoiding the kind of blazing confrontation that caused Kennedy to be branded "anti-business" in the splendid duel with US Steel's Roger Blough in 1962. Magnificent, but not war, comes the murmur from a Texas ranch. Mr. Johnson has a huge political stake in the matter. Big Government and Big Business are the opposite power poles in American life. It is Mr. Johnson's feat that he has somehow combined them in his famous "consensus." He will preserve his consensus now, if he can. But the aluminum clash shows there is a point beyond which he will not go. That it occurred indicates how anxious he is over inflation.

The statistics of it are all told in one line, like a cardiogram of Gen. Eisenhower's heartbeat. It is the government's Index of Wholesale Commodity Prices. There it has ticked, for eight years, with incredible regularity. It stood at 99 for 1957; 100.5 for 1964. No other big country could match it. But this year it began to climb, not alarmingly but anxiously. This September it stood at 103. Not an "inflation breakthrough," said worried economist Walter Heller the other day, but an "inflation creep." Anybody who can read economic heart irregularities knows the signal.

With elaborate make-believe the Administration intervened. Oh dear, no, it was not threatening to sell stockpile aluminum to force down prices. Congress specifically said it shouldn't use the stockpile that way, didn't it? The government just happened to have surplus aluminum. Mr. Johnson didn't say a word; his subordinates registered virginal innocence. At all times the teeth-gnashing executives were offered a graceful line of retreat.

Washington still has the capacity to delight TRB after all these years. The final scenes of capitulation were Florentine in their suave deviousness. Had the executives been blackjacked? reporters asked Sec. McNamara. Oh, indeed, no, said the Secretary earnestly – they were to be praised for showing "a clear recognition of national interest." Yes, exactly; the same a youth shows who gets a card from the Defense Department beginning, "Congratulations."

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CONTENTS

COMMENT – 5-8
The Poor in Their Place,
"Time and Time Again,"
Not as Good as Gold,
Involuntary Charity

Little Old Pink Man
Who Called Ike Red
– *by David Sanford* 8
Connally's Texas
– *by Andrew Kopkind* 9
Cuba's New Beat
– *by Stephen Barber* 13
Keeping Nasser Afloat
– *by Arnold Hottinger* 15
Ben-Gurion's Failure
– *by our Correspondent* 16
Wilson's Razor's Edge
– *by Russell Warren Howe* 17
West is Best
– *by Brian Wenham* 18
FEIFFER 20

BOOKS – *Reviews by Stanley Weintraub, Bernard B. Fall, Paul Murray Kendall, C. P. Fitzgerald, Charles Burton Marshall, Isidore Silver* 21
FILMS *by Stanley Kauffmann* 31
RECORDS *by B. H. Haggin* 34
CORRESPONDENCE 35

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The Poor in Their Place

Among their most useful weapons, the poverty warriors of the Office of Economic Opportunity have developed the self-repudiating prophecy, and last week they used it to shoot down the Bureau of the Budget. The details of the encounter are shrouded in bureaucratic camouflage, but it is clear enough that the Bureau was giving in to pressure from the opponents of "involving the poor" in the anti-poverty effort. Last spring, a delegation of big-city mayors, led by Richard J. Daley of Chicago, complained to Vice President Humphrey that it was disruptive of the urban status quo to give poor people a role in developing local poverty programs. Then things began to go sour. Political attacks on community action projects intensified, morale at OEO thinned, and some of the toughest OEO officials resigned. When the Budget Bureau got around to reviewing OEO policy for the coming year, it recommended that the all-out effort to develop decision-makers among the poor be quietly unhinged. Was the White House behind the move? No one is saying, but those at OEO still committed to the original ideas of the War on Poverty had to reemphasize their position. They apparently leaked the Budget Bureau's draft recommendations to the press, and sat back to see their worst prophecies denied.

Whether there were enough anguished cries to reinstate "poor-involvement" as the basis of the Poverty War remains to be seen. The congressional act setting OEO policy is unchanged: it demands the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor at every level of the anti-poverty program, in development, conduct and administration. It is not good enough, as Mayor Daley would like, for the poor to be given jobs and trained for future leadership. The poor know very well what is wrong with the way they live. If the conditions of their poverty are to change, they must do the changing themselves. Their struggle to do little things – to oppose a nickle rise in bus fares, for instance – convinces them of the efficacy of their power, and opens up bigger opportunities.

The "maximum feasible participation" clause represents a revolutionary concept in American government, and it is certainly the most advanced idea the Johnson Administration has yet loosed on the country. Health care, education aid, and voting laws are necessary and desirable, but they are long overdue and logical extensions of the welfare philosophy of a generation ago. To put poor people in positions of power in the major cities of the US is to encourage radical

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changes in society, as the mayors must know very well.

There is virtually no city in America that is not a battleground this fall in the war-within-the-war on poverty. Hundreds of parties are contending for a slice of the anti-poverty pie, and the traditional leaders of the communities – whom the outsiders call the "power structure" – will not easily yield their ancient privileges. Unless they do, it is difficult to see how the war is going to be won. To be sure, there are alternatives to government initiative for social change. The Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty, an ambitious project sponsored by an initial grant of $1 million from the United Auto Workers, hopes to train a thousand men and women to help the poor organize in their communities. The Students for a Democratic Society, the Northern Student Movement, SNCC, and other groups of young activists have been working in Northern ghettoes and Southern slums for several years, and although they have had little material or technical help from the grown-ups, they have demonstrated what needs to be, and what can be done – how the poor can learn to fight city halls, welfare investigators, and high-handed anti-poverty officials.

But the Poverty War, like military ones, needs vast supplies of money. These are a necessary component of the power which must be exerted to raise the poor from their poverty. The few OEO-sponsored community action programs which have put money at the disposal of, as well as into the hands of the poor have shown what changes might occur. For example, in Mississippi last summer, a Head Start pre-school program gave rural Negroes their first opportunity to run a school system – make policy, hire and fire personnel, and handle finances – and gave them economic power at the same time. The experience has changed their own opinion of themselves – they know they can share power in their counties with the whites – and it has forced those whites to recognize the Negroes' ability and importance. In Newark, students organized a community of ghetto poor to demand a voice in the city's anti-poverty program; they have profoundly upset the city administration's notions of poor people's ability to understand community problems and find ways to deal with them. Slum-dwellers know only too well who is responsible for the slums: landlords, businessmen, and machine politicians.

But the idea that poor people don't know what's good for them dies hard. Poverty projects have not yet convinced the poor that they can share the seats of power. It is up to those who think that "involvement of the poor" is the front line of battle to see that money and matériel is used by and for the poor, not against them: to help the poor run their own affairs and not to keep them in their place by a handout here or there, a slum-clearing somewhere else, and a new, ghetto-perpetuating housing project.

"Time and Time Again"

Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader, complained in the Senate last month that "unnamed US officials" were spreading reports that the war in Vietnam didn't have to end in a negotiated settlement after all, and that there could be, instead, "a total military solution, with the Viet Cong being driven into a state of non-existence." But, said Mansfield, "the President's policy – and it is the only official policy of this government – is not to prove the theoretical possibility that a war of attrition without negotiation can end in a triumph in one, five, ten or fifteen years. . . . The President has made it clear, not once but a dozen times, that he seeks an end to the Vietnamese conflict through negotiations, and that negotiations as soon as possible are in the interest of this nation and of all concerned." To prove his point, the Majority Leader quoted excerpts from the President's statement to the press on July 28. These included the following:

"Hanoi has set forth its own proposals. We are ready to discuss their proposals and our proposals and any proposals of any government whose people may be affected."

"We are ready now, as we always have been, to move from the battlefield to the conference table. I have stated publicly and many times, again and again, America's willingness to begin unconditional discussions with any government at any place at any time."

"We have stated time and time again that we would negotiate with any government, any time, any place. The Viet Cong would have no difficulty in being represented and having their views presented if Hanoi for a moment decides that she wants to cease aggression, and I would not think that would be an insurmountable problem at all. I think that could be worked out."

Mansfield contended that the "unnamed officials" were trying to go back on that policy, though they "were at pains to make it clear that they support the President's policy of seeking an end to the Vietnamese conflict by negotiations, even as they advance an alternative approach of a solution by attrition." If they really were supporting the President's policy, he asked, why did they insist on remaining anonymous? And who were they? "Are these officials in the White House?" the Senator demanded. "Are they in the Defense Department? The State Department? The CIA? . . . Is it the head of a department who advances this new concept of Vietnamese policy? Or is it a chair-warmer at a Southeast Asia desk somewhere, or a guard at the front door of the Pentagon or the State Department?" Whoever they were, Mansfield felt they were committing a breach of trust, by discussing an alternative policy of "triumph by attrition" when the President seemed to have made it so clear that the end of the

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Vietnamese conflict was to be sought through negotiations. Negotiation, said the Senate Majority Leader, "is US official policy – period."

But Mansfield may have been wrong about that. Weeks before he made his complaint in the Senate, a high official of the government had said, in Saigon and not anonymously, the very things Mansfield was objecting to. The official is Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who on September 4 gave an interview to CBS correspondent Peter Kalischer. It went thus:

Kalischer: Have you detected any uneasiness among Vietnamese officials, whenever President Johnson or somebody else in Washington talks about negotiating with Hanoi without conditions?

Lodge: Well, Mr. Kalischer, if you'll forgive me for correcting you, President Johnson did not say that he would negotiate without conditions. You cannot negotiate without conditions. Negotiation is when I exchange my condition for your condition: that's what negotiation is. And President Johnson has not said that. He talked about unconditional discussions, that he would be willing to talk without a precondition. That, of course, is what the other side has not been willing to do. . . . Among Vietnamese I know there is a feeling that once the Viet Cong and once Hanoi have been convinced that their attempt at aggression is doomed to failure, that they will stop. They don't visualize a Geneva-type meeting with a lot of people sitting around a table with little signs in front of them and paper coming out with seals and ribbons on it, that's not how they think it's going to happen. I think they think that once these aggressors are convinced the aggression isn't going to work, the thing is there is going to be a silence, the way there was in the Philippines 12 years ago and the way there was in Malaya. In other words, this thing is going to work out as an Oriental Asian proposition, which it is, and not as an Occidental proposition, which it isn't.

Later in the interview, Kalischer asked Lodge, "What do you see as victory in Vietnam?", and the Ambassador replied:

"I don't use the word 'victory.' I use the phrase warding off the aggression, because that is what we are trying to do. Hanoi and Peking are trying to dominate South Vietnam; South Vietnam and the US are not trying to dominate North Vietnam. It's that kind of a situation. They're the aggressors, South Vietnam is the aggrieved party. I say we know we've won when one morning the young man who's been in the Viet Cong wakes up and says, "I'm not going back today, and the reason I'm not going back is a) I think I'll get killed and b) I look around me and I see the rice and the fish and the ducks and the coconuts, the pineapples, American aid coming in and life looks pretty good right there.' So he just stops, because he's made up his mind that the thing isn't a good deal any more. That's how these things have worked out in the Far Eastern tropics in the past. It doesn't work out like World War Two when we were all fighting the German Army."

So much for Ambassador Lodge's opinion of President Johnson's expressed wish, "time and time again," to settle the Vietnamese conflict by negotiation. It remains to add that, in the version of Kalischer's interview with Lodge that was put out by Walter Cronkite on CBS television network on September 6, all reference to Kalischer's questions about negotiating without conditions, and Lodge's reply, was omitted.

Not as Good as Gold

Marvin K. Harvill, an accountant who lives in Mesquite, a suburb of Dallas, accumulated 1,048 books filled with Gold Bond trading stamps and hurried with them to a Dallas redemption center to trade them for an automobile as advertised by the Gold Bond Stamp Co. Yes sir, Mr. Harvill, he said he was told by the Gold Bond redemption center's manager, you will get the automobile just as advertised. Mr. Harvill turned in the books, which contained 1,572,000 stamps, and also wrote the required check for $157.20 to cover the taxes on the automobile. Then he went home to await delivery of the car.

But the new car never came. So Mr. Harvill filed a damage suit against Gold Bond, seeking either the car or the monetary value of the stamps, estimated at between $3,500 and $3,700. Why no car? Gold Bond's answer was one that could strike fear into the hearts of thousands of American housewives. Company spokesmen pointed out that Mr. Harvill had overlooked the fine print on the stamp books. Regulations there state that the trading stamps shall not be exchanged or purchased by individuals without their having received the consent of the company.

The case went to court and a 12-man jury heard evidence. The jury learned that Mr. Harvill had purchased 900 of the stamp books from two uncles and that he had traded stamps of other companies for the remaining 148 books. The jury ruled that Gold Bond had waived its regulatory rights forbidding the purchase and exchange of stamps when it accepted Mr. Harvill's stamps. But Judge Clarence Guittard of the 14th District Court ruled that the company had not waived its rights, and that accordingly Mr. Harvill was entitled to no damages.

Where does this leave the nation's stamp-happy housewives, with whom exchanging trading stamps has become as common as gossip over the backyard fence? And how about churches and civic organizations which

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conduct drives to collect stamps in wholesale lots to exchange for cars, miniature buses and even airplanes? What about advertisements in the classified sections of newspapers which openly seek to buy, sell or exchange trading stamps? At what point will Gold Bond or any other trading stamp company consider the necessity of an investigation to see how an individual gathered the stamps? Would they have questioned Mr. Harvill's stamps if he had tried to obtain a lamp from Gold Bond for six books instead of a new automobile for 1,048 books?

Involuntary Charity

Do private utilities generally take corporate credit for donations to good works, then quietly charge up the costs to their unknowing customers? California's utilities have been forbidden to do just this by the state Public Utilities Commission, in a ruling upheld by the California Supreme Court. Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. sought to compel consumers to pay as operating expenses $397,000 it had given in its own corporate name to united funds, colleges, hospitals, cultural organizations, and to such other eleemosynary institutions as chambers of commerce and service clubs. Henceforth, it must pay for such contributions out of income that would otherwise go to stockholders as profit, rather than out of operating expenses which are charged up to consumers.

Corporate gifts, publicized by alert public relations departments and maintained at consumers' expense, can powerfully increase goodwill toward the utilities. In many states, utilities report matching the total of United Fund or Community Chest donations, as made by their individual employees. The California court conceded that such contributions are for worthy purposes and that the company has the right to make them. The point is that "dues, donations and contributions, if included as an expense for rate-making purposes, become an involuntary expense on ratepayers who, because of the monopolistic nature of utility service, are unable to obtain service from another source and thereby avoid such a levy."

It will be interesting now to see whether utilities continue to be as generous with their stockholders' money as with that of ratepayers.

The California court said also that ratepayers should not be compelled to pay utility lobbying costs "without having the opportunity to make their own judgments on what legislative proposals they would or would not favor, and to designate who, if anyone, would advocate their interests before the legislature." And the court held that when utilities get tax-cuts, they should pass the benefits along to consumers.

Little Old Pink Man Who Called Ike Red

Most of the people who turn out to see the founder and president of the John Birch Society view him merely as a curiosity, the little old pink man who called Eisenhower a Communist. Welch must consider himself the best example of his own principle of "reversal" – that things quite often are not what they seem to be.

November 5 Robert Henry Winborne Welch, Jr. came to Washington, D. C. to tell a predominantly Negro audience at Howard University all about the civil rights movement. He had waived his customary $3,000 fee to have this chance to tell a Negro audience things they did not know about themselves. Unfortunately, he picked a night when he was competing with a couple of fraternity dances and a campus production of James Baldwin's play *Blues for Mister Charlie*. When he began speaking, the large modern Cramton auditorium was only half filled.

In 1928, said Welch, the Communist Party adopted the line that the Negro in America constituted an oppressed colony [the audience applauded], and launched a concerted effort to carve a Negro Communist republic out of Dixie. "What has been happening in the South and even in Harlem and in Los Angeles . . . does not make sense unless you realize what the Communists behind all of this agitation are trying to accomplish. Nor will the increasing riots and murders and vandalism of the future make sense unless you understand the Communist plans to terrorize the ordinary loyal Negro American citizens into supporting or appearing to support this try for a separate independent Negro Soviet republic [the audience laughed]. Not only will thousands of white citizens in the South be murdered by the comparatively few Negro criminals [applause] who will be inflamed by the Communists to the point of actually participating in the terror. Tens of thousands of the best Negro citizens themselves will be tortured and killed as part of the terrorization necessary to establish some Communist leader at the head of what will be called a Negro revolutionary movement of 'freedom and independence.' "

Welch wore a black business suit and looked like a traveling shoe salesman. He was unaware of his audience, and spoke from carefully prepared note cards, looking up only when he wanted to extemporize a point. He hesitated every time someone booed or laughed or shouted disapproval, but plodded on through his accusations. He did not even appear to notice the two moist-eyed ladies in the third row who applauded at all the *right* places, looking around accusingly at those who sat silent.

DAVID SANFORD

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Connally's Texas

A Report from the Gray Place

by Andrew Kopkind

Austin

Politics in Texas is a history of ironies, and the cruelest of them all hangs on a rifle shot in Dallas two years ago. "The bullet" informs all that has since happened in Texas: the miscarriage of an embryonic Republican Party, the paralysis of the liberal Democrats, and the assumption by Governor John Connally, and his Administration of conservative Democrats, of unrivaled power. Somewhere in these vast reaches dissident souls may be stirring, but they dance to outcast drummers. The Connally consensus is complete.

"Two years ago," a Houston lawyer said last week, "there were some blacks and whites, but no more. There is only one big center." Texas is a gray place. Opposition to Connally is fragmented and ineffectual. The Governor has stifled it with a combination of kindness, cleverness and cruelty, in the best Texas tradition. It does not surprise non-Texans, who can see the same characteristics on a wider screen, starring Connally's closest political traveling companion. But quick conclusions may be deceiving. "I'd bet," the lawyer said, "that the President learned more from John than the other way around."

Connally's explosion of power and popularity date from "the bullet," but his office, of course, antedated that day by more than a year. He was Secretary of the Navy under John Kennedy, a position for which he had no extraordinary qualification, except that he was a self-made Texas millionaire and had managed all of Lyndon Johnson's political campaigns since 1938, including the vice presidential race in 1960.

Like Johnson, Connally came from a poor family made poorer by the depression; his father was a tenant farmer and a bus driver. Connally was, naturally, president of the student body at the University of Texas, which may not be a prerequisite for political fortune in the state, but seems to assure it. After war service, he got into the Austin radio business – another path to glory – and that led to an association with the oil tycoon, Sid Richardson, who cut Connally in on some lucrative properties.

Thus armed with position and funds, Connally burst, or more appropriately slid, into the national political scene. He was, as one of his close advisers describes it, "Lyndon's bag man," that is, the pipeline for the Texas money which financed Johnson's political exploits. It is not a dishonorable job in politics, and he served well.

Meanwhile, a slow evolutionary process had begun back home. The conservative regime of Gov. Allen Shivers (he supported Eisenhower against Stevenson and in 1952 ran as both a Republican and a Democrat) was the target for all the "national" Democrats in the state, grouped around a core of liberals. They were even able, by a combination of circumstance, luck and great enthusiasm to elect a liberal (Ralph Yarborough) to statewide office (the US Senate), a feat which has not been duplicated since.

"There was a real chasm between the state and national factions of the Democrats," a Connally Administration official explained. Shivers did nothing to mollify the national-ites, and they flourished. Their strength, too, polarized the independent conservatives into the Republican Party. Shivers left the governorship at the beginning of 1957 with a deeply divided Democratic Party and the beginnings, however tentative, of a two-party system. His successor, Price Daniel, did little to change the situation. He was a mediocre politician, and although a conservative and a statist, he was not extraordinarily successful in designing tactics to defeat his opponents. He gave up a Senate seat and beat Yarborough for the governorship. Yarborough then won the vacant Senate position in a special election.

The Kennedy candidacy – ironically – was the greatest boost to Republicanism in Texas history. The radical right has a home here, and it hit the Kennedy campaign, and the later Administration, with equal vigor. Kennedy also supplied a beneficence for the liberals, who finally had a national focus of attention. The joker in the pack was Lyndon Johnson, who occupied – to put it mildly – a highly ambiguous role. He was intensely disliked by most of the liberals, for sound reasons and others, and he was considered something of a sell-out by his fellow-conservatives for accepting the vice presidential spot. But he had not forgotten about Texas, and whatever the pressure he put on Connally to leave the

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Navy Department (history does not record the details of Connally's motives), the move served his purposes. It also was a happy one for Kennedy, who was horrified at the election of John Tower in 1961 to be the first Republican Senator from Texas (he filled Johnson's unexpired term).

John Connally returned to Texas in 1962 as a dragon-slayer: he would kill the GOP for Kennedy and the liberals for Johnson. But something was wrong with his terrible swift sword. He had a wicked primary fight with the liberal Democrat, Don Yarborough, was forced into a run-off primary, and won by about 26,000 votes out of more than a million cast. Then – wonder of wonders – the Republicans put up a real live candidate in the general election and found 715,000 votes against Connally's 850,000. Previous Republican candidates were lucky if they got 75,000 votes in all.

Connally was doing a tolerable job as governor during the first year of his term. His "issue" was education – he was for more of it, which suited the conservative businessmen fine, too. (The Texas constitution decrees the establishment of a "first-class university.") They had been convinced that industrialization of the state depended on finding more brains, or at least more technologically trained brains (Texas ranks 44th in the country in literacy). Connally managed to pass some small measure of business controls – against small loan agencies – and remain thick with "the lobbies" or the "interests" or the "establishment" – that half-legendary, half-real business power-elite of major oil companies, banks, insurance, and the like that is said to control Texas government. He had a modicum of political power, but the Republicans and the liberals were still gaining, and there could have been a dandy fight when Connally came up for reelection in 1964.

Sudden Death

Then the bullet. It was in a Texas city – Dallas, no less – the financial capital of the state (and the South), the most sophisticated, and the Republican stronghold. Long after they were cleared of specific blame for the assassination, Dallas Republicans would not admit their party affiliation, from a sense of shame. Then, to be wounded while riding with the President was to participate in the apotheosis; Connally became part, if a small part, of the demi-godhead. And irony upon irony: the death of Kennedy not only removed a spur to Republicans everywhere, it also installed a Texan, of all people, in the presidency, and it was none other than that fellow for whom John Connally had worked unselfishly all these years.

Without trying, Connally was assured of control as long as he wanted it in Texas, but that did not stop him from trying. "Like Johnson, he is a total politician," one of his aides remarked. He pores over every item of political news in the state; he involves himself in contests for county commissions in San Antonio and jockeys for power in local party committees. When a hostile party worker was elected by a county organization to the State Democratic Executive Committee, he encouraged the state party convention to reject the county action and seat a more "acceptable" member.

It is not all done with mirrors. Connally has an effective personal organization. Politics is not controlled through a party machine; politicians have their own mechanisms, their own men. The state party headquarters is a small suite of rooms at the end of a corridor in an Austin office building; there are three (poorly) paid staff members. "Our whole budget is probably only twice as much as the state chairman in New York makes himself," one of them said ruefully. The state committee does not run campaigns or raise war chests; it is lucky if it can raise enough money to cover its printing and postage costs every year.

Government and politics here seem to be frozen at some Paleolithic stage of evolution. Like a horseshoe crab or one of those animals that should have been extinct millions of years ago, the Texas system has developed hardy defenses that permit it to survive among the fittest. It is still frontier politics; it has the sham of direct democracy with little of the substance. Politicians have to build their own followings, evanescent personality movements that can bust as easily as they boom.

It all works to keep the politicians of the conservative center in power, with no party checks on behavior. The Republicans on the right and the liberals on the left are "oppressed minorities," as a Republican official said recently, and their interests often coincide. They both favor reform of the electoral structure, which makes a political breakthrough difficult for a two-party system. For despite the factions, and the factions of the factions, Texas is still a one-party state. The Southern tradition enshrines the nobility of the Democratic Party, whatever its national identity. Texans are free to vote in any primary they choose (there is no party registration), and last year, 92 percent of the voters picked up the Democratic primary ballot (they make

COMING: *Alabama Unbound—Andrew Kopkind reports from Montgomery*

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the decision as they enter the booth). It is easy to see what a deadening effect that kind of mass vote can have on nominations. Almost always, the liberals lose on primary day; perhaps half of those choosing between Democratic candidates would, in a two-party system, be Republicans. Even in Texas, Republicans invariably get a minimum of a quarter of the total vote in the general election, when a serious Republican is running.

The system is bad for moderate Republicans, too. Since less than ten percent of the vote in the primaries is for Republicans, candidates have a very restricted electorate to which to appeal. It is comprised of the furthest-right element, and it demands close conformity to rightist principles. Last year, George Bush had to run for the Senate in the Republican primary as a hard-line conservative; later he moved closer to the center (and was consequently shredded by the Birchers).

Republicans and liberals would like to see permanent party registration as a qualification to primary voting. That, perhaps, would help polarize the electorate. As it is now, the most that liberals can do is "veto" conservative Democrats in a general election. In 1961, for example, the liberals "went fishin' " and let John Tower beat the Democrat Bill Blakely, who was considered the worse of two evils. More than liberal principles, the liberals want power, and their first job as they see it is to cut up the conservatives.

It is difficult for outsiders to realize the bitterness and the isolation of the liberal faction. The liberals, often enough, are closer to the Republican organization than the Democratic. "I see the Republican executive director all the time – great fellow!" said a liberal worker. "I couldn't tell you who the Democrat is with the same job." County Democratic organizations with a liberal bent (particularly Houston's Harris County Democrats) might just as well be in a third party, and indeed they soon may be.

The one plan which has some hope of denting the Connally consensus is the formation of a Liberal Party, which (ideologically) would be about as liberal as the Democratic Party in most Northern and Western states, but which might catch the most politically disgruntled Texas Democrats.

This is the year to try it. Tower's Senate seat comes up, and both Connally and Johnson must try their hardest to get it away from the Republicans. It seems likely now that a conservative will win the Democratic nomination in the spring. A Liberal Party could then pick its own candidate and, the liberals hope, draw enough support away from the Democrat to reelect Tower. As a by-product, a militant liberal effort might succeed in organizing the Latin and Negro vote, which has never been successfully done. The liberals believe there are enough "bodies" to assure continued power if only they were mobilized. Even now, in straight, hard-fought contests, liberals can split the vote with conservatives in the urban counties, and get between 40-50 percent of those who come out to vote statewide.

Republicans love the basic idea. Tower is moderately popular, but the Republican influence is at a minimum, and he will need wholesale defections from both conservative and liberal Democrats to win.

The conservative Democrat running for the seat is Waggoner Carr, Connally's attorney general, who wanted very much to be governor but found that office rather securely held and had to move up this year to the Senate race. Carr is of the smooth, courtly, controlled breed of Texas politician; no "hot damns!" issue from his cool lips. He addresses visitors familiarly in the middle of sentences ("It's a fine day, Bill, here in Austin") as Dale Carnegie suggests. Carr would like very much to be the Connally-Johnson candidate for the nomination, but he just misses the boat. For although they are both in the conservative faction, Connally and Carr have always put a certain amount of distance between them. Carr has his own political organization; it is not at all coincident with Connally's. The governor has felt Carr's hot breath on his neck from time to time as the attorney general contemplates the possibility of some day occupying the Governor's Mansion.

Johnson's Choice

Johnson is not directly threatened, but he has no special commitment to Carr (as he does to Connally), and while he conceives it his best interest to keep the conservatives in full power in Texas, he prefers Senators in Washington who would vote for Administration bills. Carr may not always be obliging. If he shares Connally's beliefs, he might in fact prove altogether ornery. For instance, Connally is against repeal of 14(b), in favor of state vetoes on anti-poverty programs, against public accommodations civil rights laws, and other Great Society legislation. If Carr follows the same route, he will not be very helpful in the Senate. Johnson, however, has another possibility. US Rep. Jim Wright, of Fort Worth, is teetering on the brink of the Senate contest; if he can raise enough money, he will jump in, and while he would be the underdog to Carr, the Fates might be kind.

Wright is one of a handful of Texas congressmen who follow the national Administration's suggestions. His record of support for the President this year is near perfect. He even voted for repeal of 14(b), and Texas is a "right-to-work" state. That is one of the reasons he is having trouble getting up a campaign fund. Wright can be a bore – there is much of the pious Texas Baptist about him – but he makes a good impression in large groups and on television, which is the only way to campaign over 267,339 square miles.

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Wright might also be the strongest opponent against John Tower. Liberals would be more inclined to vote for him (although many want to punish him for voting against the 1964 Civil Rights Act) than Carr, and Johnson would probably insist, over Connally's protests perhaps, that the conservatives work for any Democrat. The President has a way with Texas politicians: last year he enraged Connally by insisting that the conservatives drop the idea of putting Rep. Joe Kilgore in the primary against Ralph Yarborough, than whom Connally has no more hated enemy – and vice-versa. Kilgore was dutifully dumped.

Liberals would like to think that the political difference between Connally and Johnson could lead to an open breach, but they are probably deluding themselves if they believe that the President will let it happen. Johnson does not reward political loyalty with indifference, and Connally needs Johnson too much to allow the relationship to crack. The two men agree to disagree.

On the other hand, Connally's understanding of the Johnson phenomenon may be imperfect. "John knows only one phase of Johnson's life," a Houston Democrat said. "That's the middle period – Johnson as an organizing, finagling, wheeling and dealing money man. He never knew Johnson as the FDR man [Connally is 48; the President is 56] and he does not know him as Keeper of the Great Society. They weren't raised in the same political environment, either, although they had similar backgrounds. Connally grew up in the boom of the 'forties. Johnson grew up in the worst part of the depression. Johnson had to fight the business interests and the conservatives. Connally played them for all they were worth."

Connally is up again next year – with no opposition – and he chose the annual meeting of the Texas Research League – an association which *is* "the establishment" – to make what is regarded as his campaign kick-off speech. His style is a fine compromise between the hot and the cool schools of politicking, with perhaps more evocations of piety than most Easterners find relevant, but on the whole reasonable. He did not pander completely to his conservative audience: "Today we are witnessing the birth pains of a new era in local, state and federal relationships. . . . There will be endless debate on many [federal] programs, but on one point there is no disagreement; they have a profound effect on the responsibilities and the services of our state and local governments."

Well, no one could quarrel with that, and so Connally went on to tell just how the state could adjust to the Great Society, like it or not. That may not qualify as strong progressive leadership, but it is good consensus politics in a conservative state.

The liberals can do little to counter Connally's cooptation of much of their strength. He appoints a few "qualified" Negroes and Latins to state boards and cuts into the minority opposition. He wins labor, more or less, with the Kennedy Administration image and prodding from Johnson. Labor is not egregiously liberal in Texas in any case. The "independent liberals" are still antagonistic, and they do not count for terribly much. But they are a dedicated, if beleaguered lot. One finds rough diamonds all through the gray Texas sand: housewives of limited means and no social standing who divide their time between their household and the nitty-gritty of liberal politics; students at Texas University who are uniquely independent in the South; and free-lance liberals like Ronnie Dugger, whose *Texas Observer* is the conscience of the political community. Weekend before last, representatives of the "four legs" of liberalism" – labor, Latins, independent liberals, and Negroes – met in Houston to formalize a Texas Organization of Liberal Democrats (TOLD) which might federate the separate liberal "coalitions" that exist in many counties. They have been the effective agent of the national Democratic Party faction, but for all the familiar sociological and political reasons (Latins and Negroes don't get along, labor is not solid nor is it uniformly liberal, the independents are prone to noncognitive philosophizing, etc.) the coalition has not had statewide power. TOLD will probably not do much better. If Carr is the Democratic Senate nominee, it might, like the projected Liberal Party, exert some clout. If Wright is the candidate, the liberals will be in total disarray, with no possibility of agreement on tactics. Legislative reapportionment (despite hanky-panky from the Connally forces in drawing districts) and congressional redistricting will elect some liberals, and a few Republicans. There may be a Negro state senator – Barbara Jordan, of Houston. But those who count on redistricting or election law reforms to break up the factional system will probably be disappointed: the problem is political not organizational. Power, not rules, will enliven the scene. The Latins must organize politically; "they are still 50 years behind the Negroes," an Austin liberal said. The Negroes themselves are much less active in Texas than in the Southeast, and they have yet to show the extent of their power.

One can only marvel that there is agreement on anything in Texas, or any government at all. For its size and its disparities and (not to be unkind) the political primitivism of its citizens, it needs the instruments of a sovereign state rather than a federal unit. It is still living the Old West myth; it takes Frederick Jackson Turner too seriously, for Frontiersmen do not inhabit the 40-story skyscrapers in Houston. It partakes of Old South fantasies, too, but with so many exceptions that it is impossible to pigeonhole Texas as anything but Texan. Pat Brown cannot play very strongly on everyone's sense of California do-or-die. But John Connally has all the Texas eyes.

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Cuba's New Beat

by Stephen Barber

Havana

The refugees include liberals, devout Catholics and people unwilling to "volunteer" for back-breaking weeks in the cane fields. Why does Castro let them go? He holds back technicians and men of conscript age. He is said to hope that the others will embarrass the United States by competing with Americans for jobs. And a fervent Castroite told me, "I don't envy the CIA the task of screening out the agents we are sure to slip into those planeloads."

The Cuban Revolution has passed into its life-is-real, life-is-earnest phase. The slogans of the hour have to do with egg and cattle production, sugar and a campaign against bureaucracy. Even the Bay of Pigs is now a dim memory. The 105mm batteries have gone from the Malecon. The *USS Oxford*, a communications ship reputed able to tap the island's entire microwave telephone system, sits plainly visible beyond territorial waters out at sea, monitoring comings and goings through the blockade; but even she is just part of the scenery now – a handy symbol of Washington's malevolence for the regime to invoke whenever its economic planning shortfalls become too glaring.

Such past follies as pressing headlong into industrialization – a phase to which the Russians contributed greatly by shipping out incongruous items like snow ploughs, and giant draglines operated by high tension electricity of which Cuba has none – can now be freely admitted. A young Chilean economist, an ardent Communist and one of the upper echelon of Castro's army of advisers – now bolstered by 3,000 or 4,000 Russian, East German and Czech technicians – told me: "Oh yes, we made many, many *bad* mistakes." Then he added gaily: "And we shall make more. But they won't be the same ones!"

Sugar is king again, but Castro is trying to bring up some princes. Russian help to this end is costing Moscow well over $1 million a day directly, and more if one calculates how much the Russian tanker fleet could be earning in Western Europe if so much of it were not tied up on the long haul from the Black Sea to the Caribbean. The strain has created, as neutral diplomats here see it, an ironical parallelism of Russian and American interests; neither superpower is ready to tolerate more Cubas.

Almost all Cubans are either utterly pro- or implacably anti-Castro. But it is no longer true that they are starving, which is the picture many refugees present on reaching US shores. Food was very short last year but is now adequate, if monotonous. A British agronomist – an entirely apolitical type engaged in improving Zebu cattle for the European market, who is simply here "for the experience," plus $3,000 a year paid into his London bank, and ample pesos, house and transport while in Cuba – told me: "For seven million people on an island half the size of England, given some first-class soil and valuable nickel deposits, not to mention excellent fishing possibilities, all of which exist here, it would require quite prodigious indolence and mismanagement for them to go hungry for long."

The snag is that a sizable number of Cubans – the *Habaneros* particularly – have lived so long as an extension of the American market that their standards of what is and is not acceptable are higher than can be realized in a hurry. Because it was easier – and more profitable for the landowner, not to mention United Fruit – to concentrate on sugar to fill the generous US quota that once was allotted to Cuba, normal food crops were neglected. It was cheaper to import vegetables and even cattle fodder from America. More dollars were readily earned, too, by turning Havana into a cross between Las Vegas and Port Said, dominated by the Mafia and catering to gambling and all the exotic variants of sin.

Reaction to the "bad old days" has produced a certain puritanism, but has failed to kill dancing and jazz completely. The Mozambique craze started by the Negro band leader, Pello el Afrikan, has now swept Europe. Pello is so popular, despite his notorious affairs with women – one of whom recently committed suicide – that Fidel this year cut a record with him, allegedly having written the lyrics himself, of a wildly rhythmic sugar harvest song.

Elaborate preparations are under way for the "anti-imperialist" Tricontinental Conference of African, Asian and Latin American Revolutionary Solidarity that is to open January 3. More than 500 delegates are expected to throng those increasingly dilapidated monuments to Havana's glittering past – the former Hilton, the Riviera, George Raft's Capri and its lush Red Room Casino, where the wheels whirl no longer. Cannibalized Cadillacs are being refurbished to ferry the delegates around in the festive interludes between their formal labors.

STEPHEN BARBER, *the Washington correspondent of* The London Sunday Telegraph, *has been visiting Cuba.*

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These people will not all be Communists, the Cuban hosts explain. "They represent the entire spectrum of progressive national liberation movements" – everything from Dr. Nkrumah's Ghanaian Convention People's Party to whatever Dr. Sukarno's followers will be calling themselves by New Year. "The fundamental objective will be to trace a program of common struggle," the Cubans say.

Last month the Moroccan president of the Tricontinental's international committee was mysteriously kidnapped in Paris. He is – or was – El Mahdi Ben Barka, leader of the Opposition in Rabat. This was relished here as evidence that the wicked reactionaries are shaking in their shoes. Where was the CIA in this? Ah ha!

It will be fascinating to see if China sends delegates, and if they clash publicly with the Russians. The trouble with solidarity is that of late it has tended – as witness the latest Algiers experience – to come noisily unstuck. At first sight the aim of the Havana meeting would seem to be to put Castro back on the map as Latin America's top revolutionary. But it is widely believed that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, when he visited Havana on his way back to Moscow from the UN last month, advised Castro to restrain his exuberance, and brother Raul, now in Moscow, is supposedly getting the same message.

In Castro's capital today the Chinese are "out." Following the 1962 missile crisis, they were very much "in," as the Russians lost considerable face when Khrushchev backed down before Kennedy. But much has happened since. Whereas Gromyko's visit occasioned a Fidelista fiesta, only two minor ministers were assigned to attend the Peking Embassy's national day reception in Havana in October. Sin Hua, the Chinese press service, has been banned. Chinese students at Havana University, who tried artlessly to pass out bundles of propaganda attacking Moscow's "revisionism," were recently roughed up by their Cuban fellows – spontaneously, so to say.

At mass meetings on September 28 and October 3 – those in which Castro offered to let the *gusanos* (worms) flee to the US – he also unveiled the reasons for the mysterious disappearance of Ernesto Che Guevara, his pro-Peking number-two man – and potential rival – together with the third structural change in Cuba's government in six years. Cuba has now, at last, been formally declared a Communist Republic – *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* – complete with a Politburo and 100-member Central Committee. And Rafael Rodriguez, the old Muscovite party-liner, was put in charge of the constitutional committee that is to hammer out the rest of the frame.

Che is being lauded these days in a way that, as a cynical European Communist put it to me, would be quite impossible were he not politically dead in Cuba. His famous farewell letter to Fidel, supposedly written in March this year after a soul-searching secret session between the two, has been posted up in facsimile in post offices for all to read. In it, he renounced his Cuban citizenship – and presumably reverts to being an Argentine – along with his cabinet posts.

Some State Department luminaries in Washington have lately hinted that Che is dead. Castro has flatly denied it. The Havana theory is – at least, in Communist circles – that he has gone already, or is preparing to go, to somewhere in Central or South America to fulfill the program he spelled out for himself in his "Guerrilla War – A Method," in which he prophesied that "the Andes will be the Sierra Maestra of Latin America," and urged the creation of a central command to coordinate guerrilla activities "in the life-and-death struggle with imperialism" in Venezuela, Guatemala, Colombia and Ecuador – which countries he specifically named.

Castro – and for that matter the Kremlin – may wish him well in such a new venture. But neither, facing as they must domestic realities, may be keen on his being in too much of a hurry, if only because they have quite enough on their hands for the moment to get Cuba on its feet by the 1970's.

Latino rebel cadres from most South American states have undergone training in the guerrilla arts in Cuba since 1959. But neutral opinion here today is that the departure, voluntary or otherwise, of Che has meant a sharp reduction in that program. Che is now officially disassociated from Cuba, if only to try and exculpate Havana in advance from any future hemisphere adventures. It is worth noting, too, that non-Cuban Communists in this city make little attempt in conversation, even with Westerners like myself, to pretend that in their eyes Castro himself is anything but an improvised Marxist-Leninist, however fervently he may declare himself as among the devout.

"Fidel is a consummate political animal, who keeps three balls in the air like a juggler," one of these told me. "He sees that old-line Cuban Communists get their share of the top jobs along with the ex-guerrilla Fidelistas and the 26th of July underground people – the student crowd of the Batista days. But you can look for yourself: everyone in his Politburo is a Fidelista. *Real* Communists only show up in the Central Committee, the second echelon."

Fidel Castro is a declared Communist, Russian-model, today because he who pays the piper calls the tune. If he tries dancing to another, the Kremlin will not like it. But while he is licensed to indulge in all the loud declamatory talk he wishes against the American arch-enemy, precipitate external actions seem to be ruled out for him for the present.

"He is difficult to live with," the Muscovite Communist remarked cryptically. "But, for Cuba, he is harder to live without."

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Keeping Nasser Afloat

by Arnold Hottinger

Beirut

Nasser has been forced to lower the sights of his pan-Arab policy and start a drastic overhaul of his Egyptian administration, because his foreign backers have considerably reduced their support, and Egypt is having domestic troubles.

Egypt's foreign support came chiefly from the US and some of its Western allies, mainly Germany, and from Russia. Nasser estranged his American support by breaking his pledges to move out of the Yemen, backing the Congo rebels and praising North Vietnam, and by the burning down of the Kennedy library in Cairo. He broke with West Germany by inviting the East German leader, Ulbricht, to Egypt, and also over German relations with Israel. American policy toward Nasser has therefore changed. Formerly it backed his Yemen adventure by swift recognition of the Republic of Sanaa, and granted him long-term food supplies in very considerable amounts, which left him free to use corresponding amounts of money for inter-Arab propaganda, attempts at subversion, and defraying the cost of the Yemen war. But there has been a temporary stop in food supplies and a much more critical US attitude to the Egyptian military expedition in Yemen.

At the same time, the new Russian leaders made it clear they were not going to back Nasser on the same scale as Khrushchev had done. Khrushchev had been too generous with Russian resources given to Egypt; the new leaders seem to think these can be better employed at home or closer to home, *e.g.* in Iran and Turkey. With the US spending less on supporting Cairo, the Russians may have felt they too need not keep up their spending. The first repayments of Russian loans were due; Nasser had to ask for postponement. And his value to the Soviet Union as a potential troublemaker in the Arab countries and Africa decreased in the measure in which troubles in those regions began to favor Chinese rather than Russian interests.

Egypt's domestic troubles have a double root: shortage of foreign exchange, and discontent with the Yemen war. Foreign exchange is the oil which makes the wheels of Egypt's state economy go round. Managers of state industry used it to import partly finished goods or machinery. But new industries, erected at great speed by former industry minister Aziz Sidki, used more not less foreign exchange, for machinery, spare parts and raw materials, and were not efficient enough to earn it through exports.

For a long time the economy was kept going by juggling available reserves, and squeezing all kinds of credits and the limited hard currency income based mainly on cotton exports, canal fees, other agricultural exports, and tourism. Finally there was nothing left. Food shortages rang the first alarm in the winter of 1963 and again last year. They were taken care of, but at the price of "revision" of industrialization projects. This year, industries erected with considerable outlay of foreign exchange came to a standstill because no hard currencies were available to buy necessary spare parts. Credit sales of consumer goods such as refrigerators and radios stopped. This disillusioned many Egyptians who for years had been told by official propaganda that industrialization under state auspices was an achieved reality and that it was their refuge from grinding poverty.

The war in the Yemen brought similar disillusion. It was seen that state propaganda was unreal, the efficiency of the Egyptian army limited. There are few Egyptian villages which have not had their war victims, and everybody has had contact with returning soldiers and has listened to their stories of suffering and inefficient and also corrupt command.

The regime countered discontent with increased police supervision. Apart from the omnipresent networks of political secret police, a new machinery of economic informing and spying was created. Increased police supervision aggravated the lack of enterprise of the bureaucrats and the discontent of the people. When riots broke out, Nasser blamed the Muslim Brethren and Cairo's directed press gave copious coverage to alleged assassination attempts. Arrests were made; 400 Brethren will be brought to trial. Observers think that between 2,000 and 6,000 people are being held without trial. Muslim Brethren appear on television to confess their alleged conspiratorial activities. There is little doubt that a conspiracy indeed existed. But it is also evident that there was widespread general discontent among Egyptians having nothing to do with the Muslim Brethren.

In foreign policy, Nasser took steps to liquidate his heaviest liabilities. After a last attempt at intimidation involving a propaganda campaign and troop concentra-

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tions on the Saudi-Yemeni frontier, Nasser decided to treat with King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. He appeared to accept Faisal's condition for a settlement in the Yemen, self-determination for the Yemenis, and promised to remove his troops from the Yemen by September 23, 1966. He agreed to a provisional Yemeni government to be formed by both sides after November 23, 1965, and to a plebiscite one year later to decide the future of the Yemen after withdrawal of the Egyptian troops. Nasser then used the Arab summit conference at Casablanca for a reconciliation of Arab states. He seems to have exerted his charm, which can be considerable, on Egypt's most radical and outspoken critics – the Syrian Baathists – and obtained from General Hafez an agreement to stop inter-Arab polemics and inter-Arab squabbling as to who has the most radically anti-Israel propaganda. The other Arabs fell into line without very much difficulty.

Internally, Nasser dismissed Ali Sabri, Prime Minister since 1963, and replaced him with Nasser's specialist for police and secret police organization, Zakaria Muhieddin, who acts as Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior. Immediately after the change of government, 25 top police officers with the rank of general were dismissed and new top security men installed in all the provinces of Egypt. The secret service men in all the Egyptian embassies in the Arab countries were brought home. This step was probably taken to keep tighter control over the agents and in order to check on their possible disloyalty.

Probably Zakaria Muhieddin will be able to suppress for the time being all expressions of discontent and unrest in Egypt. Whether he can achieve productive growth of the Egyptian economy remains to be seen. He has emphasized the need for Egyptians to work harder, produce more and consume less. This will not be enough to keep the state economy running. Egypt needs a "motor" to generate enthusiasm, goodwill, energy, initiative. Nasser has called this a vital necessity. The state party (Arab Socialist Union) is called upon to play this role. So far it has failed to do so. It has "three million" members, but they seem to consider the party principally an instrument for their access to the state bureaucracy. It has accentuated the isolation of the leaders from the people, by surrounding them with a thick layer of hopeful flatterers. Nasser has announced that he is going to busy himself with reorganizing the state party. This will not be the first reorganization. They have all failed so far, because the regime was not willing to delegate real responsibilities to the state party. It will hardly be able to do this now, in the general atmosphere of tightening police control and espionage.

Nasser is likely to return to pan-Arab politics and to anti-Israel agitation as soon as he gains breathing space in Egypt. Such breathing spaces however are likely to be shorter and fewer than in the past. Dates for repayments of debts are quickly approaching: by the end of 1966 Nasser will have to repay the Russians alone an estimated $300 million; to all his foreign creditors, nearly $1 billion. His total foreign exchange earnings will hardly exceed $750 million yearly, and these are preempted, for current expenses and for development plans, up to the last cent. He will have to ask for repayment delays. He will obtain these, but probably only on a short-term basis. He is said to have been granted six months' delay on the repayments due up to that time, on his last visit to Moscow in August.

Nasser will obtain some relief from Moscow, from Washington and from Paris. The big powers have a certain interest in keeping him afloat. Russia and the US seem unwilling to risk a bankrupted Egypt because this might lead to extreme convulsions and in the end to some form of Chinese-style Communism. But both seem to intend to keep a stricter control on Egypt than previously. In Washington there is talk about the resumption of food aid, but on a short-term basis, with contracts renewable every six or even three months. Washington also has been asked to help in settling the soldiers due back from the Yemen, on new lands to be provided by the High Dam. The return of the Egyptian expeditionary corps from the Yemen is feared by the authorities as a possible cause of disturbances.

It is not yet known what return the Soviets expect for postponing repayment claims. They might pressure for a more efficient organization of the Egyptian state economy – efficient, naturally, according to Soviet models and possibly under supervision of Soviet specialists. This seems more probable than the old-style subversion attempts and propaganda attacks in the circumference of Nasser's influence. The days of such actions have passed for the Russians since the Chinese appeared on the Middle Eastern and African horizon.

Nasser, finally, may turn to France for some help; that country is out to regain her prestige in the Middle East, and is ready to spend money on this.

Ben-Gurion's Failure

From a Correspondent in Tel Aviv

Premier Levi Eshkol's emergence as victor from the bitterly-fought Israeli elections has put an end to the nightmare of Ben-Gurion's return to power at the age of 79. Eshkol's "alignment" between Mapai and Ahdut Haavoda, aimed at ultimate establishment of a unified Labour Party, received about 36 percent of the votes. Ben-Gurion's new party came a poor fourth with less than nine percent.

Ben-Gurion and his lieutenants did not expect to

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receive a majority, but based their strategy on the possibility of a long deadlock which might have followed had their party received something like 15-20 percent of the vote. Under such circumstances, Mapai would have been tempted to oust Eshkol and recall Ben-Gurion; alternatively, Eshkol's inability to form a coalition government would have led to a long stalemate and crisis, eventually enabling Ben-Gurion, or perhaps Moshe Dayan, to emerge as the saviour of the nation. Such Gaullist dreams, however, were brutally shattered by the election returns.

The Eshkol-Ben-Gurion issue overshadowed all other problems. Basic differences in temperament and philosophy were involved. Eshkol's "alignment" tried to end the useless infighting among Israel's various labour parties and to achieve a pluralistic Labour Party on the British model. Ben-Gurion and his followers were heading for an anti-socialist platform, and used "left-wing" as a dirty word in their campaign. Ben-Gurion, Dayan (former Chief of Staff), Peres (former Undersecretary of Defense) and their colleagues represent the more militarily-oriented Israeli leadership, whereas Eshkol, soft-spoken, believes in persuasion, diplomacy and cajoling: the way he handled the Jordan water dispute achieved Israel's goals with a minimum of sabre-rattling whereas Ben-Gurion probably would have stiffened Arab resistance by unnecessary prophetic pronouncements, and Dayan actually suggested staging a "preventive war."

Ben-Gurion's campaign was a hodge-podge of slick slogans. Intended to please everyone, they antagonized almost everyone. The technocratic, authoritarian background of Ben-Gurion's defense entourage was coupled with a wild appeal to the sympathies which Ben-Gurion's messianic personality always evokes in the less sophisticated new immigrants from Afro-Asian countries. Ben-Gurion campaigned on a ticket of moral indignation, accusing Eshkol of "unethical" conduct and prophesying ultimate doom if the country did not return to the ancient virtues. This combination of Goldwaterism, technocratic manipulation and cashing in on Israel's internal ethnic difficulties caused most of the country's intellectuals, who otherwise don't feel much respect for Eshkol, to rally around him.

Eshkol's main opposition will come from the right-wing Heruth-Liberals, with Ben-Gurion's party somewhere in the limbo of lost causes. Eshkol should command a comfortable majority in the Knesset (the Israeli parliament).

If Machiavelli was right that the basic prerequisite for founders of new states is to regulate their succession peacefully, then Ben-Gurion failed dismally. Israel has liberated itself from its father-image complex, and its success has been Ben-Gurion's failure. He tried to bring down the very man whom he himself had picked as his successor.

The Rhodesia Ploy

Wilson's Razor's Edge

London

By putting the Rhodesian crisis into the hands of a "royal commission," British Premier Harold Wilson tried to buy time – not so much to solve Rhodesia's problems as his own. The commission – a nominee each from the British and Rhodesian governments, under the chairmanship of the Rhodesian Chief Justice, Sir Hugh Beadle – theoretically had until Christmas to see if independence "now" would be acceptable to all Rhodesians.

Britain insists on abolition of discrimination in Rhodesia, constitutional safeguards against new racially regressive legislation there, and proof of popular support for independence under the present government. The commission could produce the first two on paper, but nothing on earth could honestly produce an African majority for Rhodesia's white-supremacist Premier Ian Smith – who has rejected Wilson's terms.

Much more is involved now than "only" the gradual transformation of Rhodesia, a country of over four million Africans and a white population variously estimated at between 180,000 and 217,000, into a carbon copy of the "South African Reich" next door. The outcome may precipitate crises in Britain, in the Commonwealth, elsewhere in Africa, and in the United Nations.

Wilson made his face-losing dash to Salisbury because if Smith went through with his threat to rebel against the Crown, Wilson might have to resign and "go to the country." With the Crown rebuffed, the Commonwealth on fire, and the UN up in arms, his chances of reelection would be small indeed. A British economic crisis of sorts would be added to the constitutional disgrace. Britain gets three-sevenths of its annual imports of 700,000 tons of copper from Rhodesia's neighbor Zambia, which buys 70 percent of Rhodesia's industrial products. If Smith rebels, Zambia will boycott Rhodesian trade, and Rhodesia will cut off the electric power which Zambia needs for copper electrolysis and mine pumping, and close Zambia's rail route to the seaports. Because of a worldwide shortage, Britain could not replace Zambian copper from international suppliers. Zambia has 15 percent of the free world's supplies and commodity market sources say Britain's desperate need for copper would push the price to at least $2,500. Zambian copper sells to London at about $850 a ton. American production prices would be affected. Aluminum could replace copper in electric machinery, but that is in short supply as well.

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And using plastics would require tooling reconversion.

Smith has almost 30,000 sub-managerial and sub-professional white votes behind him, about half of all the Rhodesian white votes, in a party led by a few relatively wealthy "tobacco barons." He has against him industry, banks and business – the Association of Rhodesian Industries, the (white) Farmers Union – as well as most of the four million Africans and 30,000 Asians and Eurafricans. Since ceasing to be a charter company territory and becoming a colony in 1923, white Rhodesia has governed itself. The Governor, like Canada's Governor-General, is native-born and has power only in emergencies. Without a British civil or armed network in the colony to apply its will, Britain's only means would appear to be a token British "force," large enough to ensure that Rhodesian army and police officers know that opposing rebellion will not cost them their jobs at the hands of the Rhodesian politicians, and that failing to oppose it will mean British courts-martial for them. Wilson has retained the right to use "force" to defend the Crown, has planned "police action" with the general staff, and has got announcements of support for "any action" from the Canadian and Australian Premiers, the British Liberal Party, the Bow Group Conservatives, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Church Council, the *Times* and the *Guardian;* but he has generously told the incipient white rebels in Salisbury that he will not "invade" the colony to impose a new constitution. Why the equivocal nature of Wilson's statements and the obvious hesitation to use force at all, even in token form, when apparently it would be quicker, cheaper and simpler than the fantastic, announced array of planned economic sanctions? The RAF, USAF and Lockheed have all had men in Zambia, arranging for an Anglo-American, C130 airlift of supplies to that potentially beleaguered state. The cost, compared to a half-battalion of infantry from Aden, is staggering. The answer lies not in Salisbury but in Westminster. Wilson is trying to win a British election.

Defeat in Rhodesia – his worst crisis in a year of crises – would mean disaster for his government, accompanied by possible resignations of countries from the Commonwealth. It would almost certainly set the fuse for a blow-up in southern Africa. Success, on the other hand, could be what he needs to call a snap election and increase his razor-thin majority – and that is how his cabinet sees it, Downing Street sources say.

His royal commission offered little but delay. But it won Wilson tri-partisan support in the House of Commons – as nothing more daring would have done – and Wilson's hopes are that if the swiftness of the hand can deceive the eye, a subtle Rhodesian "solution" might just pass muster. Such a "solution" would prevent revolt, establish some sort of multiracialism, however bogus, avert the copper crisis and the great blockade, rule out "force" (with its risk that someone might get shot), dampen African and UN indignation and enable Wilson to slip Rhodesia independence. His Tory critics, now sheltering behind their own Rhodesia lobby and forgetting their past fights with Smith, would be disarmed. Britain would be disengaged from white Rhodesia's battle with the outside world; and Wilson could go to the voters and hopefully win before the house of cards in Salisbury fell apart.

Wilson did not clear his royal commission idea with Rhodesia's two African leaders, Joshua Nkomo and Ndabaninghi Sithole, who lead rival parties but have agreed to try to collaborate. The omission is significant. No black Rhodesian was likely to accept the commission "solution." Moreover, Wilson's aides say, he was surprised to learn in Salisbury that the African leaders now hope Smith *will* rebel. Nkomo and Sithole believe that the resultant violence and economic chaos would quickly force Britain and the UN to enforce reform. They see the economic boycott as something Africans can survive more easily than white unemployed Rhodesians can, and they see the Rhodesian poor-whites rushing off to join the boom in South Africa. Rhodesia's former Premier R. S. Garfield Todd agrees with this analysis. So do British top officials. Kenya, with nine million people, just manages to carry 40,000 whites; with half Kenya's population but more industry, Rhodesia might just support 30,000. The trouble lies in the surplus of unneeded working-class whites living middle-class lives – nearly all Smith's votes.

Wilson's bid for a quick, illusionist victory in Salisbury just might have succeeded. But now it seems Smith and his noisy friends will bring southern Africa down around their ears before they go.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

West Is Best

London

J. Enoch Powell, the Tories' shadow defense minister, has never been the easiest of politicians to live with. For a start he is given to resignation: first in 1958 from the Macmillan Treasury team over what he saw as excessive public expenditure, again in 1963 when Sir Alec Douglas-Home took over the Tory government. And there could easily have been a third time, during the Profumo scandal, which cast Powell into a profound gloom. In the past two years he has frequently hit out at Britain's economic conventional wisdom. He is against planning, against regional subsidies, against capital-gains taxation, against an export drive, against the incomes-and-prices policy as "a nonsense, a silly nonsense, a transparent nonsense," and against the State with its "heavy hands, big feet, and blind eyes."

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With Labour in power, he has advised industry not to cooperate with the government. And now that he has spoken on defense and Britain's role in the world, it is not just the British who are made to sit up and listen.

The Powell line goes like this. The defense of Britain is primarily the defense of Britain *tout simple*, the islands of the United Kingdom. For this in present circumstances it is necessary to retain control over the nuclear deterrent, no matter whom Britain buys it from. In the wider world a military presence is no longer a safeguard to trade, and in the containment of Communist aims Britain must measure "the practical effect of British military effort against the size of resources it demands and the consequences of diverting them from other pressing uses – defensive or economic." In Asia and Africa, in particular, that is by no means all: "The two Communist empires are already in a state of mutual antagonism and suspicion; but every advance or threat of advance by either calls into existence countervailing forces, sometimes nationalist in character, sometimes expansionist. We have to reckon with the harsh fact that the ultimate attainment of this equilibrium of forces can sometimes be delayed rather than hastened by Western military presence."

It reads, and has been read, as a direct knock at Aden, Singapore, Hongkong, and Vietnam too, and the Tory high command moved fast to undercut its more extreme implications. Sir Alec Douglas-Home at the Tory conference made clear that Britain would not duck any commitment east of Suez if that meant leaving a power vacuum. Mr. Heath, the Tory leader, when he was asked point-blank whether the Powell line really meant the end of Aden, curtly told his television interviewer not to read too much into Enoch's words. And yet the content of the speech was known to the party leadership before it was made. The subsequent partial climb-down is a bit ingenuous.

The point is that Powell's speech fits the Heath line as an earnest of the Tories' intention to get into Europe, and to get in on Gaullist lines. This, rather than the theoretical pull-out east of Suez, is the main reverse. The risk is being taken in the renewed emphasis on the independent nuclear deterrent that the Tories will lose their natural allies, in the five other European members of the Common Market, and still not gain the active cooperation of de Gaulle. The calculation, born of previous experience, is that it is the cooperation of France, and France alone, that turns the trick, and the Tories will aim for a broad agreement on French lines to gain entry, and argue about the shape of Europe afterwards. For this a certain amount of implicit anti-Americanism is necessary.

This means that the Heath reading of Powell's line is not as little-Englander as it first appears to be. In strategic terms it is a question of redirection rather than contraction. But for Powell himself the Far East disengagement in fact as well as theory is as important as the complementary focus on Europe. Powell has never made any bones of his quiet scorn for the Commonwealth, and for the Empire that preceded it. Central to his thinking is the contention that the Tory Party was misled by old Jo Chamberlain into the myth of Empire. He claims Britain never intended to acquire one, and only realized she had at the point when it began to fade away. The myth of lost Empire leads, he maintains, to regret, and the regret to bitterness and self-denigration, as Britain finds she cannot carry out global missions she has quite unnecessarily invented for herself.

Powell is in the end just as noninterventionist in the conduct of foreign affairs as he is within the domestic economy. The foundation of his political philosophy, which so often looks like a more sophisticated Goldwaterism, is that nine-tenths of man's political activity is determined by his past, and that politics consists in making cautious choices within the leftover tenth. While at home he would condemn State intervention as a self-defeating attempt to go against what he sees as an historic capitalist free-market past, he would in the last analysis allow to other countries the same reliance on their different tradition, however much he might as an Englishman abhor that tradition.

Here the Powell line is at variance not only with Heath and Sir Alec Douglas-Home but with Prime Minister Wilson and Foreign Secretary Stewart as well, for all of them retain something of the paternalistic trappings of an Imperial past, and for the moment it is Wilson and Stewart who decide what burdens Britain shall or shall not bear. Though they would all like to see these burdens reduced, especially east of Suez, they would not easily bring themselves to reduce them prior to some reasonably effective, and preferably Russo-American, quarantine of the Far and Middle East, and it is towards this that they claim to be working.

Meantime, Powellism provides both a long-term "out," and a reminder that there is little god-given in Britain's wider role, and much that a none too resourceful country could prune with benefit. So the pallid, donnish, moustached figure of Enoch Powell may continue in clipped, precise accents to chip away at Britain's mythical lumber. He will not be much thanked, at least not yet. But he is more than the outrider of the pack; he is, and he doesn't disguise it, a professional playing for power, an astute headline-grabber, who uses the shock-effect of a rigid logic to sully the compromises of antagonists and colleagues alike. He does it well. He enjoys the maverick posture, and it pays dividends. He wins respect, he wins cheers too, among the loudest at the Tory conference, and if the Heath leadership goes down to electoral defeat, Powell could win his way to the top job, even though when he ran for the Tory leadership against Heath and Maudling in July, he got only a derisory handful of votes.

BRIAN WENHAM

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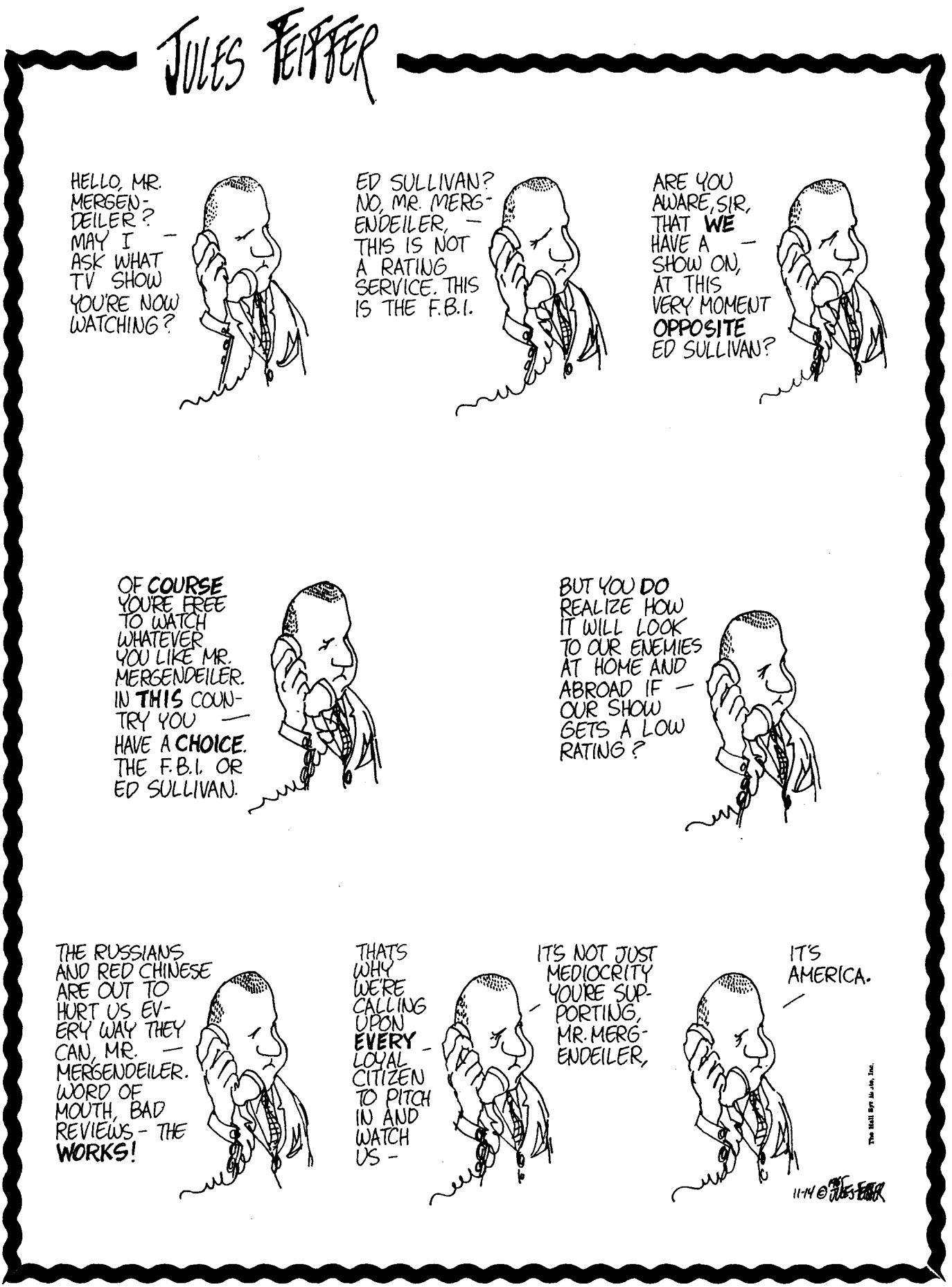
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The Sign of the Borzoi

by Stanley Weintraub

As much an exhibition as a collection, the half-million words of *Fifty Years* are accurately, in Clifton Fadiman's adoption of the art-world term, a Retrospective – a selection of works mirroring an entire career. Five thousand books, 13 Nobel Prize laureates and 18 Pulitzer Prizes after Alfred A. Knopf's first publication under the Borzoi colophon in 1915, this is less a survey of authors from Daniel Aaron to Don José Zorrilla than a sampling of a publisher's happiest business decisions. Under the familiar sign of the Russian wolfhound have appeared books by Mann, Gide, Sartre, Mencken, Camus, Lawrence, Forster, Conrad, Eliot, Beerbohm, Stevens, Pound, Housman – and Raymond Chandler, Dashiell Hammett and James M. Cain. Among younger writers Knopf has published John Hersey, Alan Sillitoe, John Updike and Shirley Ann Grau. And the mortality-defying rhapsodies of Kahil Gibran (in several editions) still fill the Borzoi till.

Fifty Years
Being a Retrospective Collection of Novels Novellas, Tales, Drama, Poetry and Reportage and Essays (Whether Literary, Musical, Contemplative Historical, Biographical, Argumentative, or Gastronomical) All Drawn from Volumes Issued during the Last Half-Century by Alfred and Blanche Knopf. . . .
The Whole Selected
Assembled and Edited,
With an Introduction and Sundry Commentaries
by Clifton Fadiman
(Knopf; $10.00)

While not encompassing every literary crotchet or publishing sub-type, *Fifty Years* could profitably serve as a text for a course in modern writing. It skimps only on the drama, a genre in short supply under the sign of the Borzoi, reflecting perhaps the failure of the very first Knopf book – a translation of four plays by the forgotten Emile Augier. (Ten of the eleven volumes on the first Knopf list were translations, foreshadowing the continued Borzoi exploration of the European literary scene.) The sole play in the celebratory volume is Sartre's *No Exit*. But there are "seven complete novels and novellas," according to Mr. Fadiman, who stretches the definition of novella precariously thin by including under it the 19 pages of Ivan Bunin's *The Gentleman from San Francisco* and the 22 of Thomas Mann's *Mario and the Magician*, while relegating to the short story department Alan Sillitoe's longer *Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*.

More novel-like are Raymond Chandler's *Farewell My Lovely*, Camus' *The Stranger*, Gide's *The Immoralist*, Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady*, and even Mann's *Death in Venice* (in the superb Kenneth Burke translation). Miss Cather – a Knopf favorite – and Mann are the only representatives with two major works, a Fadiman indulgence which might more profitably have been used to present a showcase selection from one of the most valuable recent Borzoi interests – the publication of such Japanese spellbinders as Kobo Abé, Yukio Mishima, Jiro Osragi and Junichiro Tanizaki.

As might be expected, most of the selections are (no pun intended) vintage ones, with hardly an off-beat name or title among the 51 writers and 71 selections. The result – to scramble metaphors – is an anthologist's gamble against the diminishing returns of overfamiliarity. But few readers not ready for Medicare will recall Newman Levy's verse spoof from *Opera Guyed*, "Carmen," and almost no one will yawn at mention of W. H. Hudson's unfamiliar tale of the pampas "El Ombú," published by Knopf in 1916 (or at least no one will yawn before reading a page or two of it).

The number of works included which first appeared as book-length publications makes *Fifty Years* the ideal purchase for the thrifty, for the non-fiction prose includes another complete book, John Hersey's spare, stark *Hiroshima* – and a bookful of essays on almost every subject by writers from Clarence Day to Judge Learned Hand. And the poetry ranges from the pictures-and-words of Hilaire Belloc's *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* to formidable fare by Ezra Pound and Wallace Stevens. Not a collection of names, the immense book is a thousand pages of good reading, a typographical testimonial dinner at which the reader can feast at will from any item on the menu, beginning with the entrée or the dessert, or with Fadiman's after-dinner-speech of a foreword.

A typographical celebration of another, but related, kind occurred during the summer when Alfred Knopf was presented with a slipcased collection of fifty specially designed and printed keepsakes, each a signature of $4^1/_2 \times 7$ inches, and from four to 16 pages – collectively, 252 pages. Produced by distinguished printers, graphic artists and major private presses, the 150-copy edition, unlike the Borzoi's own volume, was not for sale. One copy went to each contributor, several to Mr. Knopf and more allocated to libraries around the country for general reference and reading – the New York Public Library, the Newberry Library (Chicago), the University of Texas Library, and a west coast library. What has gone into a Knopf book has always had to share significance with the book's typography and format. Design and typography – and their relation to the appreciation of a text – have had new importance since the Borzoi insistence that a book is a creative expression, not a mere container of words.

One of the slipcased tributes includes the observation, "Books are superlatively made only where the head of a publishing firm is himself an impassioned lover of books, who gladly takes

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every care to give them worthy raiment." Part of the raiment of a Knopf book has been, since 1926, the concluding page's "A Note on the Type" – under any other colophon an affectation, but part of the Knopf style. (*Fifty Years* is set in Janson: ". . . a recutting made direct from type cast from matrices long thought to have been made by the Dutchman Anton Janson, who was a practicing type founder in Leipzig during the years 1668-87. However it has been conclusively demonstrated that these types are actually the work of Nicholas Kis [1650-1702], a Hungarian, who most probably learned his trade from the master Dutch type founder Dirk Voskens. The type is an excellent example of the influential and sturdy Dutch types that prevailed in England up to the time William Caslon developed his own incomparable designs from these Dutch faces.") Alfred Knopf's 1917 fall catalogue had announced, boldly, "I do no one an injustice when I say that American books are *not* beautiful." That there is more harmony now between text and design is in large measure because Knopf has been working for fifty years to educate American book-buying taste in aesthetics of format as well as content.

Some of the striking portrait photographs in *Fifty Years* – John Updike, Thomas Mann, H. L. Mencken – were taken by Alfred Knopf, whose interest in the camera even antedates his publishing days. The literary aspect of Knopf's camera work has resulted in yet another anniversary release – a 16 mm film documentary, "Dialogue." A man of many interests – music, theater, history, gastronomy, conversation – he found film subjects in diverse areas, but the people he filmed by no coincidence usually happened to write under the sign of the Borzoi. Documenting the five decades, the producer-director Jules Victor Schwerin has selected representative figures from the Knopf collection of prints and negatives, and created a sound track – and thus the title – from recorded conversation between the Knopfs about their authors. (On John Hersey: ". . . the kind of a fellow that a woman like Willa Cather was.") So the anniversary of half-a-century of publishing in a personal, yet worldly, style has been triply marked.

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Since *Fifty Years* went to press, still another Knopf author – Mikhail Sholokhov – has acquired a Nobel Prize for Literature. He is unrepresented in the collection. *The Borzoi Reader*, celebrating his years, appeared in 1936, and *Fifty Years* this season. Sholokhov will have to be patient. His chances look good, though, for the next Retrospective.

Last Trip to Sarkhan

by Bernard B. Fall

The Ugly American's fathers ride for the last time (Professor Burdick died last July) over the well-worn trail to that not-so-mythical Southeast Asian country, Sarkhan – a melange of Thailand, Laos and Vietnam – and its capital Haidho (Saigon & Bangkok). Aw hell, why argue with success? This simplistic book with its corny dialogue and standard set of villains from Central Casting will probably sell a half-million copies in at least twenty languages and the movie rights were probably sold for a six figure sum by the time the main line of the plot was on paper. And, contrary to *The Ugly*, etc., this time the whole book is written in the kind of dialogue, with scene directions thrown in, that will make its transfer to the screen totally painless:

Sarkhan
by William J. Lederer
and Eugene Burdick
(McGraw-Hill; $5.50)

> "As they approached the house, Coldstream looked at his watch. 'The Peking broadcast starts in a minute and a half.' He pushed down on the accelerator."

The story itself follows the standard approach to the overthrow of the late Vietnamese president Ngo Dinh Diem, as already exemplified in somewhat modified form in Morris L. West's *The Ambassador*. But whereas West basically ascribed the overthrow of "Phung Van Cung" (Diem) to a misguided American ambassador, Burdick and Lederer ascribe the murder of the Prince of Sarkhan to a far darker and higher-level plot.

In essence, the plot is this: two upright Americans in Haidho, one expatriate and businessman (Central Casting: "a nose like General MacArthur. An eagle beak") and the other a Cornell University professor (Central Casting: ". . . you're the spitting image of Fiorello La Guardia"), discover a plot to do away with the local ruler concocted by General Hajn ("elegant, MacArthur-style uniform") in cahoots with the North Vietnamese. The two Ugly Americans – remember? They were the *good* guys in the other book – try to get the message across to the State Department, represented by a gentlemanly but bumbling ambassador (the spitting image of Saigon's unfortunate Fritz Nolting); and when that fails, to the President himself via his 75-year-old personal adviser (Acheson-Baruch-Harriman type).

The State Department, Defense Department, US military, and many other American government echelons which do not come out too well in the novel, are clearly identified, *save one*. The organization, with its "headquarters across the Potomac, barely in Virginia," is quaintly baptized the Federal Intelligence Agency, or FIA. I don't know whether the survivor of the two authors, a retired Navy officer, suddenly got cold feet; or whether he thinks that the CIA is more likely to sue him for libel than the State Department or the Executive Office. In any case, the FIA comes out as the real villain in the piece, just one shade blacker than the various Communist movements operating in Sarkhan.

For a variety of reasons – and in the foreword the authors claim that their work "has a broad foundation of fact" – the Communists and the FIA have a convergent interest in bringing about the commitment to Sarkhan of large numbers of American troops. As a North Vietnamese secret envoy explains to the aspiring junta leader, a large number of American troops in Sarkhan would bring about incidents

The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

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with the population, would brand the United States as a "white imperialist" country, would create a widespread wave of anti-Americanism in other countries; and, finally, it would provide the local Communist apparatus with weapons (captured from the ineffective native forces and from the numerous Americans who would come) and the training necessary for ultimate revolution.

On the FIA side, there is a cold-blooded determination that Red China is the ultimate evil that the United States will have to fight in the Far East, and that Sarkhan is as good a place as any to begin the "rollback." For that reason, the outbreak of a Communist-inspired rebellion, or of a rebellion which could be blamed on outside Communist support, would be concocted out of whole cloth. The fighting of fake Communist troops on the *Plaine des Luminaires* (read: *Plaine des Jarres*, in Laos) for the purpose of fooling American photo-reconnaissance planes provides the only comic relief.

As in the Italian neo-realist school of moviemaking, evil triumphs as with the FIA's knowing help the military junta does away with the good Americans and the good nationalist monarch, thus making Sarkhan ripe for both a large-scale commitment of American troops and a subsequent Communist takeover. Oh yes, far too late the President of the United States finds out that he had been fooled by his own bureaucracy and sends his own aide to apologize to the old trusted adviser, also discredited by the nasty people from "barely in Virginia."

There is lots more for a rip-roaring movie: mob scenes, torture, strange ceremonies, and just a tiny dash of Oriental sex. But whenever the book touches base on real facts, it manages to be factually wrong. Ho Chi Minh is not the premier of North Vietnam, but its president. The "Metropole" Hotel in Hanoi has been the Thong-Nhut (Unity) Hotel for the past eleven years, as every Canadian from the International Control Commission could have told the authors. There is no 4th Regiment in the North Vietnamese 316th Division. It doesn't take a "regiment" to move a 105mm howitzer, even in the worst jungle; and, contrary to what one of the book's heroes says as he throws a North Vietnamese regular out of a helicopter without a parachute (a sport that, in the *real* Sarkhan, only the natives engage in, I'm told), North Vietnam *did* sign and ratify the Geneva Convention on prisoner-of-war treatment. But neither the late Burdick nor Lederer needs to worry about the latter point. No one in Vietnam – pardon me, Sarkhan – seems to be aware of it, either.

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Samuel Johnson's Johnson

by Paul Murray Kendall

Eighteenth-Century England has suffered numerous reverses: the French Revolution got the better of its assurance that "whatever is, is right"; the Romantic poets got the better of its verse; 19th-Century science got the better of its Enlightenment; the American colonists got the better of George III and the British War Office. On the other hand, nobody has ever got the better of Boswell's *Johnson*. Not even Samuel Johnson's Johnson.

Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters
edited by David Littlejohn
(Prentice-Hall; $5.95)
Samuel Johnson: Selected Writings
edited by R. T. Davies
(Northwestern; $7.95)

In the last two decades a considerable industry has grown up to process the revival of Johnson's Johnson. The PMLA bibliographies reveal that during the '60's some twenty or more books, articles, dissertations on the subject have appeared annually. Now we have a volume of Johnson's writings and a selection of his letters. Yet, despite a persuasive introduction to the letters by David Littlejohn and an earnest if somewhat pedestrian one to the writings by R. T. Davies, Johnson without Boswell probably still fares best biographically – in the shrewd and eloquent *Young Sam Johnson* of Dr. James Clifford.

Selected Writings consists in the main of excerpts – from his poetry, his *Idler* and *Rambler* essays, his novel *Rasselas* – along with a few letters and prayers, the material arranged in chronological order. In avoiding the undoubted Johnsonian tedium of complete pieces, however, the anthologist risks the editorial tedium of morsels and snippets; and we are left wondering whether meat that has to be cut into bits to be palatable is worth serving at all.

On the whole, the letters of Dr. Johnson do not make him interesting; Boswell's *Johnson* makes them interesting. Johnson infrequently succeeded in capturing either the subtler or the livelier accents of his own personality – as did, for example, Swift, Horace Walpole, Byron, Keats; and he often indulged in perfunctory sentiments, prefabricated moralizing, and professional sententiousness. Perhaps he was too lazy, too shy, too caught up in his self-consciousness and in his fame as literary dictator to reveal himself easily in his correspondence.

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Still, the renowned missives lose none of their power in rereadings – the letter to Lord Chesterfield, the letter to Macpherson. Now and again a Toledo blade is forged in the furnace of that massive common sense. On receiving news of the battle of Bunker Hill (June 17, 1775), he wrote to Mrs. Thrale:

> "Our business is to pursue their main army, and disperse it by a decisive battle and then waste the country till they sue for peace. If we make war by parties and detachments, dislodge them from one place, and exclude them from another, we shall by a local, gradual, and ineffectual war, teach them our own knowledge, harden their obstinacy, and strengthen their confidence, and at last come to fight on equal terms of skill and bravery, without equal numbers. . . ."

Dr. Johnson penned that astonishing prophecy at the age of 66, a hypochondriacal and insular man of letters who knew little (and liked less) of the Colonists and nothing of warfare.

Hints of a mental disorder, deeper than Boswell knew, here and there appear. The last letters are cries of agony; the best of them are moving confessions of uncertainty, fear, and pain; many of them disclose, at moments, Johnson's surcharged yet precarious humanity, his avid love of life, and his foursquare belief in the dignity of human beings.

Scholars, then, do convince us that there is a Johnson without Boswell, as archaeologists have convinced us that there is a Troy without Homer. Johnson's Johnson must be reckoned, intellectually, as a figure in his own right, but Boswell's Johnson remains, in our feelings, the chief character of one of the world's greatest novels, the *Life* – and probably no harm done.

What Do We Do With China?

by C. P. Fitzgerald

China and the Peace of Asia
Edited by Alastair Buchan
(Praeger; $6)

The fourteen contributors to this book were participants in the conference held at Oxford in September, 1964 under the auspices of the Institute for Strategic Studies, the Director of which, Mr. Alastair Buchan, provides a foreword. Since the subject is the role of China in the problems of eastern Asia, the work is not directly concerned with the Sino-Soviet dispute or even the Sino-Indian border dispute. And although this is not stated in so many words, the fundamental questions are what place the Western powers should recognize to be fitting for China in this region, under what conditions can such recognition be made explicit, and to what degree is Chinese power a real danger to the rest of the world. The contributors answer these questions, or in some cases skirt round them, largely in accordance with national points of view, but not necessarily in full agreement with the official line held by their own governments. Thus those who consider China to be militant, aggressive and reckless, include Mr. William P. Bundy, V. C. Trivedi from India, and P. J. Honey in England. Those who believe that China is above all cautious beneath a bluster of offensive language include Sir Robert Scott from Britain, M. Chauvel of France, and Herr Mehnert of West Germany. In this group are also two well known American experts, General Samuel B. Griffith and Professor Morton Halperin. Mr. Bundy defines US policy in eastern Asia as having four objectives, but one of these, the third, "that no single Asian nation should either control or exert dominant influence over other nations in the area, either in the area as a whole or in any significant region of it," appears to some other contributors somewhat unreal and, indeed, as barring any possible accommodation with China.

Sir Robert Scott has little faith in any lasting accord with China, but does not think that Chinese policy is aggressive, although in the sense which

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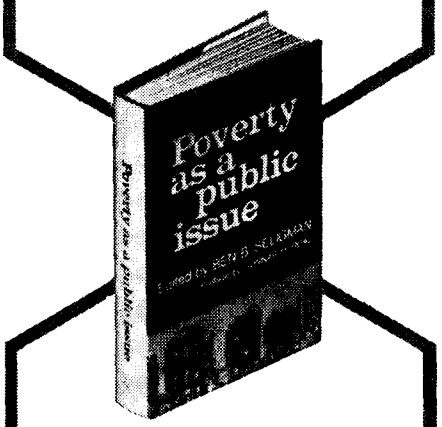

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Mr. Bundy opposes, it may well be expansionist. China can be expected to desire and seek just that dominant influence in Southeast Asia which her geographical position and potential power imply for the future. The French diplomat, M. Chauvel, recognizes this as inevitable in the long run, and thus advocates early negotiation rather than continuing military confrontation. Neither General Griffith nor Mr. Halperin draws this conclusion, but their studies of Chinese military strength and weakness, aims and objectives, do in fact point to a similar conclusion. Halperin, in contrast to Mr. Bundy, sees the aim of "dominance in Asia" as not only a Communist objective but one which "would be pursued by any strong government which dominated the mainland of China." In his view, with which I concur, this would be the aim of the Nationalist regime if ever it came back to power, or if it had retained it. One wonders whether in such circumstances the US would still be so opposed to Chinese aspirations. Halperin also demolishes the widespread belief – which he attributes to Russian propaganda – that China is indifferent to the risk of nuclear war and quite prepared to subject the world and her own people to wholesale destruction. ". . . It becomes abundantly clear," he writes, "that the Chinese view is that nuclear war would in fact be a great disaster for the world and in particular for China and the Communist regime."

Mr. Trivedi, from India, does not agree with many of the other authors. He believes that the Chinese clash with India in late 1962 was not just an aggravated border incident (the view of most British observers), but part of a "Grand Chinese Design" of world conquest and aggression. He fails to explain, however, why the Chinese should have made a unilateral withdrawal of their troops at the moment of military victory. Mr. Trivedi makes a passing reference to this aspect of the clash – "the so-called unilateral withdrawal" – without telling us what he thinks it was if it was not what is usually called by that phrase.

Thus the experts are at odds about China. Some, such as P. J. Honey, see the role of France as sinister and mischief-making; others think there is sound sense based on long experience in the policies of President de Gaulle. The strategic experts and students of nuclear warfare or its threat, such as Mr. Wolf, are more objective, concerned to assess the known facts about China's military power and nuclear potential and to interpret her policy in the light of these facts. Their message is more reassuring: China lacks the power to engage in aggressive war beyond her borders, and her nuclear development is still a long way behind that of the US and Soviet Russia. But they do not underestimate the defensive strength of China in any invasion of her territory. It seems to follow that whatever China may say, or be accused of saying, her acts have been cautious; but her determination to resist invasion, constraint, or attacks upon her own territory is unshaken and would not be weakened by defections or revolts within the country.

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An Old Soldier's Rhetoric

by Charles Burton Marshall

Captain Tommy Davis hovers unnamed in a picture of the late General Douglas MacArthur taken in 1935 and included with twenty-one others in a new book

A Soldier Speaks
Public Papers and Speeches of
Douglas MacArthur
(Praeger; $6.95)

presenting some of the latter's public papers and addresses. In 1946-47 I chanced to be a colleague of Davis, then a retired brigadier. He was full of recollections gleaned from more than a decade as aide and confidant to MacArthur. I often urged him – unavailingly, so far as I know – to set them down for the insights they would someday give into an important and complex man's character and motivations.

A particular conversation with Davis is brought to mind by the text. I once remarked on the trouble presumably entailed for subordinates in supplying rococo prose for the MacArthur communiques in World War II. Though he had not been with MacArthur in the war years, Davis said he was sure I was wrong on two counts. First, MacArthur – singular at such a level of importance – did his own writing. Second, fancy language came to him as readily as Cherokee to a Cherokee. Davis recalled instances of spontaneous grandiloquence. "You have given me umbrage," the General once told a subordinate, who had to search the dictionary to learn that he had irked his boss. Another time, surprising an unauthorized dalliance, MacArthur ordered, "Eject that strumpet forthwith!"

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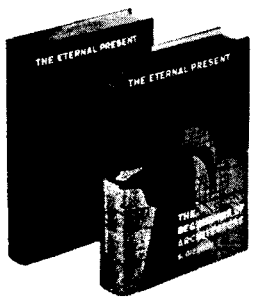

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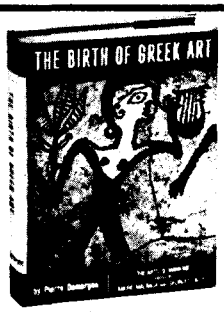

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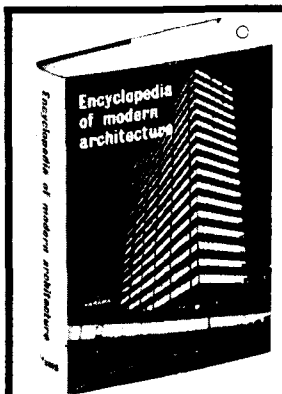

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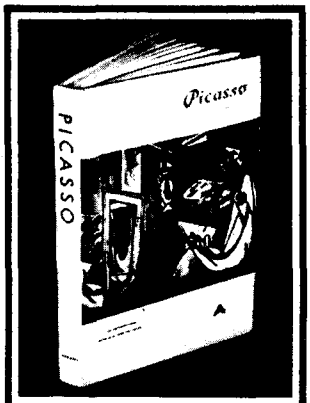

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Anyone else would have said to get the girl out of there right now.

The MacArthur style, his peculiar own, runs consistently through the text. No one could have ghost-written his report to President Coolidge on a mission as head of the US Olympic team at the 1928 Amsterdam Games: ". . . And indeed to portray adequately the vividness and brilliance of that great spectacle would be worthy of the pen of Homer himself. No words of mine can ever adequately portray such great moments as the resistless onrush of the matchless California eight as it swirled and crashed down the placid waters of the Sloten; that indomitable will for victory which marked the deathless rush of Barbuti; that sparkling combination of speed and grace by Elizabeth Robinson which might have rivaled even Artemis herself on the heights of Olympus. . . ."

Words often got out of hand. "I have listened with thirsty ear to the witching voice of Grantland Rice," the General said in a speech. Receiving an honorary degree, he said, ". . . you have refreshed the battleworn spirit of an old soldier with the fragrance that clusters around the sacred memories of that magic word 'home'." On a dozen honorific occasions here recorded he said that nothing had ever touched him so deeply. He was prodigal with such terms as insurmountable, unsurpassed, eternal and supreme – where strong, good, long-lasting, and high would have served better. He called the Philippines' capacity for Asian leadership limitless, when considerable would have been more accurate.

In sum, MacArthur overdid. Superlatives were a habit. This was not a matter of words merely. Ideas, too, slipped the leash. "All see the danger to our national integrity from yielding too much of our sovereign individualism," he once averred, without explaining what he could possibly have meant by sovereign individualism or how such an idea could be reconciled with the concept of nationhood. The Byronic streak needed curbing. The man required more moderating advice than was ever offered or received. A ghost-writer or even a rigorous copy-reader could have helped him considerably.

The editor of this collection is Major Vorin E. Whan, Jr. He introduces the inevitable "Old Soldiers Never Die" speech by calling it a classic of modern American oratory. Well, one hearer did not think it so – not because of a belief that MacArthur did not have a case but because of a feeling that MacArthur had muffed it. That day the General evoked a spate of transient emotion which submerged the good portion of reasoning in the speech. One reads it now with a rueful question: why did he feel compelled to ham it up? MacArthur's curious error in that speech misidentifying Chan So Lin as the turn-of-the-century ruler of China and the stimulator of modern Chinese nationalism – about as if someone purporting to expound US history should mention Davey Crockett as the Great Emancipator – is left unamended and unexplained.

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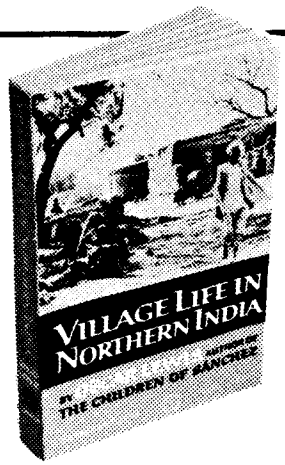

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McCarthy and the Establishment

by Isidore Silver

In 1954, the American Historical Association sponsored a symposium entitled something like "McCarthyism and the American Future," at which John Chamberlain argued that McCarthy was not a "fascist" ("couldn't organize a chicken coop" was the pungent phrase, I recall) and that the "Ism" was largely a creation of "thin-skinned" liberal intellectuals.

Days of Shame
by Charles E. Potter
(Coward-McCann; $5.95)

Since 1954, we have had Richard Rovere's pseudo-psychological study of McCarthy and now ex-Senator Charles E. Potter has set down his recollections. They tend to confirm at least the first part of what might be called the "Chamberlain Thesis." Potter, an undistinguished Taft conservative, served one term in the Senate and knew Joe McCarthy about as well as any colleague could have known him. He confirms Rovere's belief that McCarthy was a psychologically sick con man. He put everybody on. But the real subject of *Days of Shame* is not the shamer, but the shamed. What kind of people were we then, and are we now? How could this political Barnum have duped, frightened, and immobilized us? How could he have appealed to so many? (Potter ruefully notes that more than 50 percent of all Americans supported him, before the hearings.) How could both his friends and his enemies have misinterpreted him so badly? Who created "McCarthyism"?

There are no definitive answers here. The book is single-mindedly banal (the author speaks of a "sorry report" when he means a good, but saddening one; William Benton is described as having founded an "explosively successful advertising agency"); it only partially fulfills the jacket's promise to tell "what went on behind the scenes of the Army-McCarthy hearings." It contains a cluster of photographs which make the men of the fifties look like movie bit players of the forties. Potter reports on ver-

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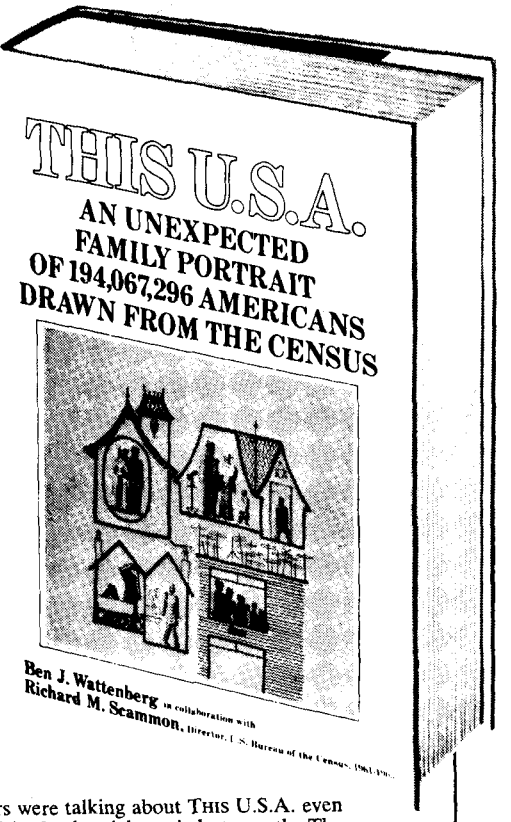
batim conversations with Eisenhower; we learn nothing.

Yet, the era is re-created. We realize that McCarthy was important in a way that Jenner and Velde (and all the other congressional Communist hunters) weren't, precisely because he was a blowhard. He named names, elaborately constructed theories to account for action (read the sections on McCarthy's questioning of General Miles Reber about his "real" motive for denying Schine an Army commission); created tenuous webs of association. Since the mind craves order (and may tolerate even tortuous labyrinths and lies to achieve it) he was effective. Americans do not cotton to the theory that "things are in the saddle . . ." preferring to believe that secret cabals are responsible for social evils (merchants of death in the thirties, Communists in the fifties). If the Nation is "stumbling" (or appears to be stumbling), there is a Communist Devil at the "jugular" (remember that gut phrase?), and if that Devil hasn't been caught (though our ideology tells us he must be there), then he obviously is being shielded by someone with power.

If "the government" is a façade (for either greedy capitalists or treacherous Communists), then it must be attacked at its most vulnerable and visible points. McCarthy's prime targets were the Army, State Department, and ultimately, the Presidency (the Annie Lee Mosses and Irving Peresses were either way stations or examples of the "subversion" within larger institutions). To the ideologist, the Establishment is the true enemy, because of its influence and capacity for deception. There is a popular right-wing tract called "You Can Trust a Communist – to be a Communist." But, you can't trust those sneaks in the Establishment.

Presumably, the Establishment is charged with defending itself. Yet, the reactions of Eisenhower, Robert Stevens, Dulles to McCarthy's attacks were confused, cowardly and purposeless. They folded in the face of the lies and half-truths. Some Establishment, some façade!

Of course, McCarthy hung himself at the hearings. The question is how? Without television, the hearings would have meant little. Without a pseudo-courtroom atmosphere, the human trag-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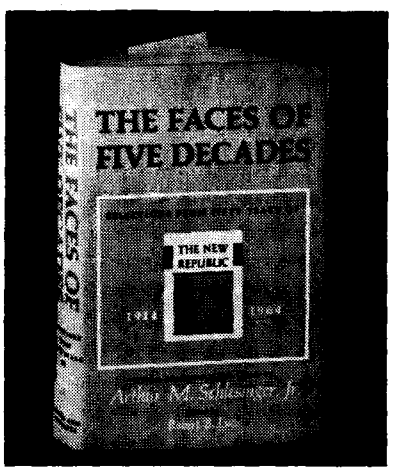

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edies would not have been so poignant. As McCarthy barreled in on Stevens, Zwicker, and Welch's law associate, Fred Fischer, a flash of harsh reality broke through. The fantasy world we all shared to some degree fell apart; so did the ringmaster. We were lucky.

Before that world disintegrated, some of its prominent comedians had their turn. Potter describes Roy Cohn, David Schine (with his plan to enlist the Kiwanis Clubs of the world into a crusade against Communism), Ray Jenkins, Karl Mundt, Francis Carr *et al.*

The conversations between Potter and Ike read like Abbott and Costello routines. Only, here the straight man did all the talking and the comedian had the one-line responses. After Potter would describe a particular day with McCarthy, Ike would say something like "A lawless man" or "psychopathic." At one point, Potter says, "The President stopped prowling. I knew he had reached some conclusion and it was something he was not going to put into words." One wonders what momentous thought lay dormant in Eisenhower's mind. In the next sentence, Potter gives a hint. "Charlie, do everything you can. Keep in touch with me. I want you to come back soon." Then, in that prose dearly loved by mystery writers: "It was not quite dark as I walked through the north gate of the White House grounds." For all the "tension," nothing happened.

The most impressive thing about the book is not the "inside" story, but something quite different: the growth of Charles Potter. In the course of the Army-McCarthy hearings he became an evangelical crusader for individual rights. His disgust with those who remained silent (including himself) seems real and vivid. His recommendation at the end of the hearings that the testimony be referred to the Justice Department for perjury indictments suggests a conscience awakened and aroused. The "new" Potter startled his conservative friends and impressed his liberal critics.

But he was defeated in his second race for the Senate (partially, he believes, by right wing animosity). He and all the others have moved on to different pursuits. McCarthy was rebuked by the Senate and died. Ray Jenkins returned to Tennessee obscurity. Roy Cohn sur-

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rendered his political ambition and went back to lucrative law practice. Joseph Welch has been replaced on the national stage by Robert Welch (in terms of importance, not role). Ike continues to think things he does not "put into words." The "kooks" move from McCarthy's unorganized chicken coop into the John Birch Society (and from there, where?).

Today, things are quieter. Are they much different?

FILMS

The Future at Present

Central to Jean-Luc Godard's latest film *Alphaville*, which is a purportedly serious science-fiction thriller, is its choice of leading actor. Eddie Constantine is a waffle-faced, iron-jawed, American-born hoofer who went to France fifteen years ago and there made a huge success in fifty pictures about an FBI agent named Lemmy Caution – pictures that are no more likely to be shown in the US than Italian Westerns. Godard took this now-famous character and its actor as the protagonist of his film, subtitled *Tarzan vs. IBM*, which is as if an English director who wanted to make a serious comment in thriller form used, as protagonist, James Bond played by Sean Connery. Thus from the start, from *before* the start, the French audience shared a small conspiracy of parody and point with Godard that is his private joke when the picture goes abroad.

Alphaville (Pathé Contemporary)
The Leather Boys (R. Lee Platt)

Alphaville itself is a city somewhere in the future. Lemmy Caution arrives there from earth on a private-eye mission, gets involved with a girl (tuberous Anna Karina), chases a mysterious scientist-dictator through public buildings and streets and laboratories, and finally takes the girl back with him to earth. Throughout, he is teaching her the meaning of individuality and love in this mechanized city. Her last words, as she rides away with him, are her first utterance of "*Je . . . vous . . . aime.*"

The visual fillip of the film is that Godard shot all the scenes of this future city in the Paris of today: the neon boulevards, the modern lobbies, the antiseptic corridors. That is the most effective device in a picture that leaps, goat-like, from one device to the next. (In conversation Godard has said: "People say it's about a man of today in the world of tomorrow. But it is really about a man of yesterday in the world of today.") There is a scene in which men are executed for having shown emotion, machine-gunned on a diving board over a pool and then finished off by bathing beauties armed with knives; there are Wellesian shots of Akim Tamiroff, whose living apparently depends on not shaving too often; there is literary name-dropping on the sound-track; but these all contribute less than the fact that Monsieur Godard could shoot this picture in his own Paris.

It starts as a lively burlesque of tough private-eye nonsense, all slinky sex and casual slaughter. It quickly degenerates into a banal thesis film: the need to preserve the soul in a soulless landscape. What is dependably wearisome about Godard is that, though he is of the film filmic, *Nouvelle Vague* and *Cahiers du Cinema* to his back teeth, yet every one of his pictures sooner or later bogs down in extended portentous talk which is only *accompanied* by pictures, like a lecture with slides. That unhappy inevitability is worsened here because the mysterious scientist, unseen, is equipped with an electric voice-box like those given to people whose larynxes have been surgically removed.

As with much of all modern art, Godard is critically prized even when he is despised because he provides opportunities for verbiage. Film critics (and what man who has ever written a review of any kind does not also consider himself a film critic?) expatiate on Godard particularly because his films are often apropos of such vogue subjects as popular culture and its latest stunted

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offspring, pop art. Many of these critics seem agonized because they like fine art and also like popular art. This has been true of a good many cultivated people through history, but because they were usually less aesthetically and intellectually self-conscious, they did not feel puritanically compelled to justify the same sensibility's enjoyment of both Flaubert and Fleming, Eluard and Ellington. Now the ceremony of innocence is drowned indeed – in floods of dubious exegesis; and as long as Godard can provide these seemingly catholic but essentially guilt-ridden intellectuals with materials for discourse, he is sure of attention.

The difficulty, for one viewer at least, is that most of his films are, for the most part, no more interesting than the articles about them. At best they are usually a cinematic person's acts of daring – to be uncinematic and to be deliberately corny. (Here the use of Caution-Constantine, the sci-fi atmosphere, the banal theme.) But it is premature parody. As Mary McCarthy in *The Group* tried to disguise her inadequate grip of her material by pretending that she was satirizing it, so Godard pretends to be doing a double or triple take on trite material. Generally it is icing without the cake.

A film that will certainly not cause the same verbal outpour is *The Leather Boys*, an English picture directed by Sidney J. Furie. It is much too conventional in manner, and in the aims of its (quite different) story and characterization to be a cause of critical *causerie*. Yet, although it promised little, in subtlety and relevance I found it much more rewarding than *Alphaville*.

A cockney boy and girl, only in their mid-teens, get married. The boy, who has a motorcycle, runs about with a bunch of young cyclists, and for a time it looks as if this is to be a London version of *The Wild One*. But soon it is clear that the purpose of Gillian Freeman's script, from a novel by Eliot George, is quite different. The married couple are still really children. She, though a wife with fancy hairdos and sex urges, is still a peevish child. Her husband shies off from her and from sex, not because she is repugnantly selfish (she is) or because he is homosexual (he isn't) but because emotionally he is still very much pre-puberty and wants to behave like a boy. When they quarrel and separate, he pals up with a knowing, patient homosexual (extraordinarily well played by Dudley Sutton). When at last the boy finds out the truth about his friend, there is a good, absolutely tacit scene of compassionate but firm parting. The marriage may possibly start again.

The film is a small solid statement of a widespread modern trouble – the asynchronism between emotional maturing and the increased restlessness and sexual opportunity connected with increased gadgetry: the motorcycle (for example) as a symptom of that restlessness and a chance to do something about it. Furie uses too many slow dissolves and tends to add one shot too many to a scene. (In a reconciliation scene on a bench in the country, the last shot over the couple's heads and down the slope takes us out of the moment and into the movies.) But in the pertinences of the picture – feeling for his characters, exploitation of milieu – Furie does well. The episodes in the ugly café, on the road, at the Butlin holiday camp, are all properly horrible. Colin Campbell, the boy, is sound if a bit sweet. Rita Tushingham, except that her drunk scenes are thoroughly amateurish, succeeds remarkably in *thinking* like a 16-year-old twerp.

A well-known work in the American Underground Cinema, *Scorpio Rising* by Kenneth Anger, also deals with motorcyclists, and by intercutting of a soppy old film about Jesus and of some explicit homosexuality, depicts the place of the cycle and its worship in modern mythology. It is a moderately effective film, thus a *magnum opus* in the Underground. But without any of Anger's artistic furbelows, with squarely conventional structure and techniques, *The Leather Boys* makes the same points and more. In portraying this contemporary choler, Furie is better than Anger.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stanley Weintraub *is the editor of* The Shaw Review. Bernard B. Fall *has written extensively about Southeast Asia.* Paul Murray Kendall's *newest book is* The Art of Biography. C. P. Fitzgerald *is an Australian specialist on China.* Isidore Silver *is a New York attorney.*

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The Melodic Art

Tchaikovsky and Verdi, writing in their different musical styles, exhibit interesting similarities. Each, for example, has the same way of starting a melodic idea going and then filling in the canvas around it, so to speak, with subsidiary orchestral activity; and each, in this, operates with the skill, the imagination, the taste, the command of the medium, of a consummate artist – to use this term in the sense of one who produces objects wrought with art. And if one takes into account the expressive power of the objects, each is in addition a great artist who deserves admiration and respect rather than the condescension with which he is still treated.

The occasion for these observations is, on the one hand, the excellent performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 1 on London CM-9426 and CS-6426, and his Symphony No. 2 on CM-9427 and CS-6427, by Maazel with the Vienna Philharmonic. No. 2 is the better known of the two (Stravinsky liked to perform it); but No. 1 turns out to be even more attractive. When the unfamiliar No. 3 was issued last spring I was amazed by some of the writing that could have been the superb orchestral invention of Tchaikovsky's maturity; and it is even more amazing to hear such writing in the First Symphony composed nine years earlier. I continue to prefer the less diffuse more cleanly defined sound of the mono versions.

And on the other hand there is the performance of Verdi's infrequently performed *Luisa Miller* on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-6168. Coming after *Macbeth* and before *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*, it offers a large amount of the conventional writing Verdi did at first, but also, in the last act, the individual and powerfully expressive writing he began to do in these transitional works; and though it includes nothing as remarkable as the Sleepwalking Scene in *Macbeth* or *"Tacea la notte"* in *Il Trovatore*, it reaches two high points in the best-known overture and tenor aria, *"Quando le sere placido."* Cleva conducts a good performance with Moffo, Bergonzi, Verrett, MacNeil, Tozzi, Flagello and the RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra.

The performance of Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* conducted by Varviso on London A-4381 and OSA-1381 has the distinguished Rosina of Berganza, but with the poor Almaviva of Ugo Benelli, the merely acceptable Figaro of Ausensi; and even the excellent Basilio of Ghiaurov and Bartolo of Corena do not change my preference for the performance conducted by Gui on Angel 3638, with de los Angeles, Alva and Bruscantini.

Though Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was composed after his great final opera *William Tell*, that fact is evident only in the more impressive writing of its last four sections. The performance conducted effectively, for the most part, by Schippers on Columbia ML-6142 and MS-6742 has poor singing by the tenor Tito del Bianco, but good singing by the soprano Martina Arroyo, the mezzo-soprano Beverly Wolff, the bass Justino Diaz and Abraham Kaplan's Camerata Singers, and also good playing by the New York Philharmonic.

Musorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death*, on Columbia ML-6134 (mono), is sung by George London with a voice which has lost some of its bloom since he recorded the piece the first time ten years ago, and which now shouts some notes that it sang expressively then, but which is still an adequate instrument for the impressive performance on the new record. The reverse side has Brahms's *Four Serious Songs*.

Elena Gerhardt's marvelous performances of Wolf songs in the famous Vol. 1 of the Hugo Wolf Society have been issued by Angel on COLH-142; anyone who was kept from acquiring them on the Rococo record by the 78-rpm surface noise can have them now in quiet miraculously achieved with a barely perceptible loss in the musical sound. Readers should request of Angel the reissue of Gerhardt's other great

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performances of songs of Schubert, Brahms and Wolf.

The one singer of today who offers in addition to his beautiful voice something comparable with Gerhardt's marvels of subtle expressive inflection is Fischer-Dieskau; and Angel 36266 has his superb new performance with Gerald Moore of Schumann's *Liederkreis* cycle, which includes several fine songs: *In der Fremde, Waldesgesprach, Mondnacht, Auf einer Burg,* another *In der Fremde* and *Zwielicht.* Of the additional four Schumann songs on the record, *Der frohe Wandersmann* is engaging.

On Deutsche Grammophon 18-969 and 138-969 Fischer-Dieskau sings one of the more interesting Bach cantatas, *Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen* (BWV-56), and the occasionally interesting *Aus der Tiefe ruf ich, Herr, zu Dir* of Gottfried Heinrich Stoelzel, with a small chorus and the Festival Strings Lucerne under Baumgartner. The records are filled out by an instrumental *In Nomine* of Gibbons and another of Purcell.

Monteverdi's Sixth Book of Madrigals, which includes the famous *Lagrime d'Amante al sepolcro dell' amata* and *Lamento d'Arianna,* was intended to be sung by five voices, one to a part, not by a large group like the Polyphonic Ensemble of Rome conducted by Nino Antonellini on Victor LM- and LSC-7035. But more damaging than the group's size is its constant fussing with dynamics.

Rameau's charming Six Concerts en Sextuor are performed well by the Paillard Chamber Orchestra on Musical Heritage 567 (I prefer the mono). And on Deutsche Grammophon 18-986 and 138-986 Fournier plays beautifully with Festival Strings Lucerne under Baumgartner the two fine works he recorded years ago for London: Couperin's Pièces de Concert and, under the title Cello Concerto in E minor, Vivaldi's Sonata No. 5 with the realization of its figured bass arranged for strings. The records also offer Stravinsky's Suite Italienne, his own transcriptions for cello and piano of several pieces from his *Pulcinella* that are much less effective this way than in their original orchestral versions.

Handel's engaging 6 Concerti Grossi Op. 3 for winds and strings are on Argo RG-400 (mono), excellently performed by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields under Neville Marriner.

Bach's Violin Concertos in A minor and E are on Philips 500-075 and 900-075, excellently performed by Grumiaux with the English Chamber Orchestra under Raymond Leppard. Also on the records is Haydn's less interesting Concerto in C. The recorded sound is deficient in bass, especially in the stereo version.

What should be the piano's spaciously meditative opening statement in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 is deprived of its intended effect by Artur Rubinstein's staccato treatment of it, in the performance with the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf on Victor LM- and LSC-2848; but thereafter Rubinstein's playing exhibits the same admirable continence and rightness of style as it did in Beethoven's Concerto No. 5 a year ago. The performance is reproduced in excessively resonant space, less disturbingly by the mono record than by the stereo.

And London CM-9422 (mono) offers Ashkenazy's beautifully sensitive playing of Chopin's 4 Ballades and Trois Nouvelles Etudes. B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Cotton

Sirs:

Andrew Hamilton ("Cotton Candy from Congress," October 9) just does not understand the cotton situation. Contrary to his report, the new program does not retaliate ". . . by setting the US market price below the world market level. . . ." The great merit of the new program is that it doesn't set the market price at all. Nor does it ". . . place the price-depressing weight of the large US cotton surplus directly on the world market . . ." It will, in fact, do just the opposite – permit us to dispose of our surplus without major price reductions. This can be done because US farmers will again reduce their plantings. We do not expect the cotton farmers in other countries to make a similar contribution to world price stability.

The contention that Latin countries may have to give up cotton production

"John Ilda reminds one of the young Hemingway."
—Harold Shadbolt
Golhambra* (S. Dak.) *Mirror

•

Billy opened the first cage. The snake came gliding out. Orr Johns sighted carefully along the barrel of the .22. You had to get him in the swelling hump of muscle just above the shoulder. If you missed that spot, then it was messy. The snake would thrash around and you had to go in with a club and finish him off.

The snake's forked tongue darted inquisitively. He was utterly fearless. O snake, I love you, Orr Johns thought. He pressed the trigger. There was a brief look of surprise on the snake's face and then he crumpled.

"Good shoot!" Billy cried.

Orr Johns grinned. "I feel great! This is better than stepping on beetles."

"Better than last night on the pine needles?" Trudy said, a cold hard edge in her voice.

"No, not better than last night on the pine needles," Orr Johns lied. The cold hard edge had turned into something sour in his stomach. He knew it had been a mistake to bring Trudy. He should have left her back at the wigwam.

"Billy, bring on that big ugly devil of a gopher snake!" Orr Johns suddenly cried out. "The one that killed the sixteen mice."

Billy looked at Orr Johns carefully. "You sure, Orr Johns?" Billy was remembering the last gopher snake and how poor Ashley had behaved badly.

"I'm sure, Billy!" Orr Johns called out gaily.

•

For your copy of *Tony* by John Ilda, send $3.00 to Carrion Press, Box 982, Menlo Park, Calif.

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because of the new US cotton program is wrong because it was based on faulty price premises. The rate of increase in cotton production in other countries may not be so great in the future, but we do not expect production to decline.

Having distorted the potential balance-of-payments dangers of the cotton bill on Latin American countries, Mr. Hamilton turned to sugar and conveniently overlooked the important balance-of-payment gains for developing countries from the proposed Sugar Act extension. The United States market generally pays a premium of from $40 to $50 per ton of sugar over the world market price, although there have been temporary periods as in 1963 and 1964 when the world price far exceeded the United States price. There will be no import fees under the proposed legislation. Hence sugar exporters will get full benefit of the premium price in the US market – an important addition to their dollar earnings.

John A. Schnittker
Under Secretary of Agriculture

In reply:

The new cotton law sets a fairly narrow range within which the US market price for cotton may fluctuate. For the most part, the range will be below the world market price, and cotton experts in Mr. Schnittker's Department expect the world market price to decline a cent or two over the four years of the new law. They also expect that some foreign cotton exporting countries will cut back production, if the United States drive to export more cotton succeeds. Both a decline in the world price and a loss of sales will have foreign exchange consequences for these countries.

The lower end of the range set by the new law (21 cents a pound for the 1966 crop) is the price at which the Government will make loans on a farmer's cotton or buy it if he cannot find another buyer. This price is known as the "loan rate." The upper end of the range under the new law is the world market rate or 110 percent of the loan rate. The latter figure for the 1966 crop would be 23.1 cents a pound; the current market price is about 23.5 cents a pound.

The precise level of the market price for cotton under the new law will depend upon how much is grown. Some critics, skeptical on the basis of past performance of claims by Schnittker that the new law will curtail production sufficiently to permit a reduction in Government stocks, predict that the price will fall rapidly to the 21-cent floor in the 1966-67 marketing year. Government experts look for a US market price of between 22 and 23 cents a pound.

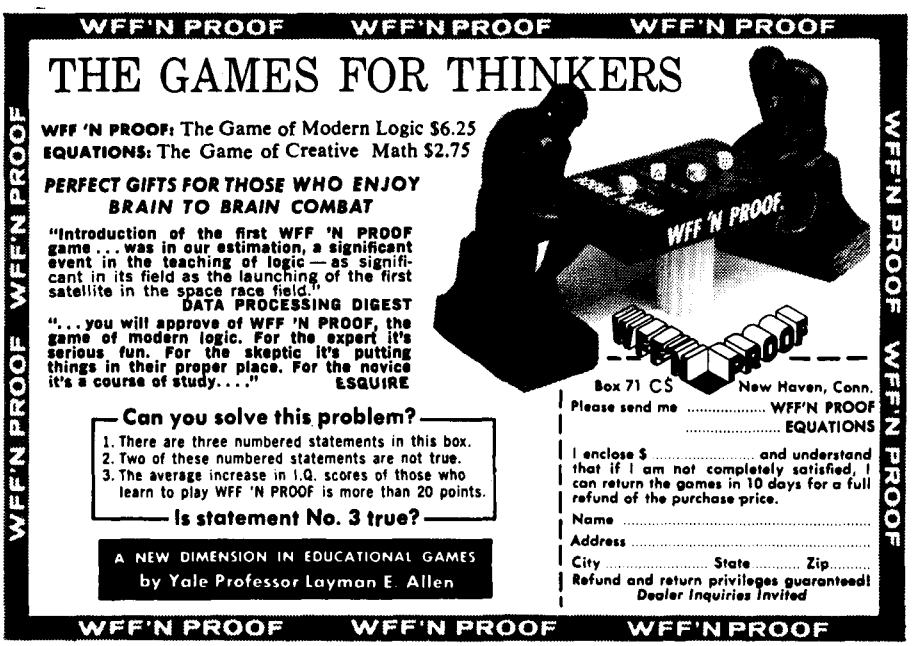
The "loan rate" at which most of the 1965 cotton crop was taken into Government hands was 29 cents a pound, well above the world market price. Thus, it seems to me, it is correct to say the new law sets "the US market price below the world market level."

(In citing prices, I have followed the common practice of basing them on the average amount paid to US farmers for a pound of middling-inch upland cotton, ignoring the myriad variations caused by grade, location and so forth.)

One purpose of this price reduction is to increase US exports of cotton, which have been sagging sadly in the past five years. Exports in 1964-65 were 4.1 million bales; they will be slightly higher in 1965-66. But sponsors of the new law in Congress talked of a target of 6 million bales. Even if production in the US is cut by as much as Mr. Schnittker hopes, the new law permits the Government to sell enough cotton from its stocks at going market prices to meet export goals, and in order to sell this cotton, it will most likely have to price it under the current world market price. The last time the United States put on a major export drive (1959 and 1960), the world price fell and, for a short time, world production outside the United States also fell.

The new law also provides that the "loan rate" for US cotton after 1966 will follow the trends of the world market price. If the world market trend is down, the US "loan rate" will drop below 21 cents and the general trend of US market prices will also be downward. This will, in turn, tend to further depress the world market price, at least until the market "stabilizes." However, with its huge surplus, the United States is in a position to slowly push the world price down over the next few years. Debating the final version of the omnibus farm bill, which included the new cotton law, Sen. Eastland (D, Miss.) Oct. 12 declared, "The law provides that the stocks of the Commodity Credit Corporation shall be used to regain and maintain our historic share of the world cotton market." And Sen. Ellender (D, La.), floor manager of the bill, replied, "That is the law."

The conferees on the final version of the farm bill stated that it was not the intention of Congress that "large quantities" of Government-owned cotton "be dumped on world markets at fire-sale prices." Sen. Mansfield (D, Mont.) Oct. 12 said Latin American cotton-producing countries would be glad of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this anti-dumping assurance. But the new law leaves most of the discretion in applying the new price policy in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture. If world consumption rises sharply and US production is cut as much as Mr. Schnittker hopes, all may go well. But US balance-of-payments problems, continued high US production, continued moderate growth in consumption, both at home and abroad, or a combination of these factors, could create great pressure on him to let the price go down a considerable distance.

On the subject of the sugar law, I find Mr. Schnittker's remarks not at all pertinent to my argument. On August 17, in remarks commemorating the fourth anniversary of the Alliance for Progress, President Johnson promised that "we will try to maintain a regularly expanding market for the sugar that is produced in Latin America." But the recent extension of the sugar law does the opposite. It continues the trend toward a contracting market in the US for foreign sugar and greater domestic production of sugar. The continued expansion of subsidized sugar production in the United States and other industrialized countries is contributing to the abnormally depressed state of the world market price for sugar. To skim off the difference between this price and the US market price in buying sugar from abroad would be to compound the damage; and to graciously forego this "import fee" does not, in fact, change the basic situation.

I would like to take this opportunity to clear up an obscure point in my article. The $700 million annual cost to the Treasury mentioned in it should be attributed to the cotton program; revised figures based on the final version of the law indicate that this cost could be $750 million a year or more.

Andrew Hamilton
Washington, D. C.

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14(b) Filibuster

Sirs:

This is to protest several statements made in Andrew Kopkind's article, "14(b) Filibuster – the Mildest in History" (October 16).

The article said: "Young Senate liberals" look to the civil rights movement instead of labor "as the instrument of progress." Really? Since when does the civil rights movement have a spelled-out program on economic planning, tax reform, automation, medicare, aid to education, reapportionment, soil conservation and the minimum wage?

Most incomprehensible of all is the flat assertion that labor has not taken a leadership role in the civil rights struggle "except for the Teamsters." What sort of upside down world is this? Where were the Teamsters, for example, several years ago when the industrial unions took beating after beating in the South because they had the guts to stand by their civil rights principles? Unions like rubber, auto, IUE, Packinghouse, and steel have civil rights departments and have had for years nationwide education programs on civil rights. If the Teamsters have such a program, it's news to me. Nor did I see Jimmy Hoffa up front with Walter Reuther in the March on Washington which the industrial unions aided in money and manpower. . . .

William L. Abbott
Stow, Ohio

Vietnam Panic Button

Sirs:

Wounded Marines go on TV to choke out their comparison of slain buddies with anti-war demonstrators. Eager newsmen con GI's in Vietnam into bitter comments on the subject. The righteous bus-drivers of New Jersey refuse to convey demonstrators to Washington. Oratorical Senators throng to the headlines to warn of the Red menace behind every placard. Cartoonists and editorial writers depict every critic as a weedy, seedy, and scatter-brained nut.

The wartime emotionalism this Administration is encouraging in order to gain a "consensus" on foreign policy is beginning to scare me. I recall only too clearly the excesses of the panic-button patriots in the past–the outrage against the California Nisei in War II is but one example. When do we red-blooded Americans start throwing bricks through the windows of Chinese hand laundries?

Mr. Johnson seems to feel that the dying of American boys on the fields of Vietnam is reason enough why his policies should not be questioned. I think it is one of several good reasons why they *must* be questioned. And in an age when the Establishment has its present enormous advantage in the command of mass communications media, it seems to me that the popular demonstration is a thoroughly valid, as well as in fact the inevitable means of expressing opposition.

The thesis that these marchers are brainless puppets controlled by some sinister hand of conspiracy is so much transparent nonsense. They are Americans young and old – and I have talked to many of them – who are deeply, personally concerned over a trend in national policy which they believe is taking us far beyond our depth in overseas military adventures. They feel helpless, angry and, like myself, scared. Mr. Johnson's country-preacher paternalism has not set their minds at rest: it has deepened distrust, if anything. That is why they are in the streets.

J. Whipple
Washington, D. C.

The Two Congressmen Duncan

Sirs:

For the sake of the record I am calling your attention to an error in your October 16 issue on page 7 where you failed to list Congressman Robert B. Duncan as one of those voting against House Resolution 506 [unilateral intervention in Latin America]. Perhaps the error occurred in confusing Congressman Robert B. Duncan, a Democrat of Oregon with Congressman John J. Duncan, a Republican of Tennessee.

Cliff Ouellette
House Office Building
Washington, D. C.

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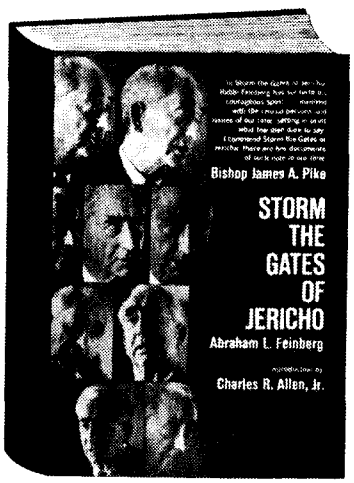

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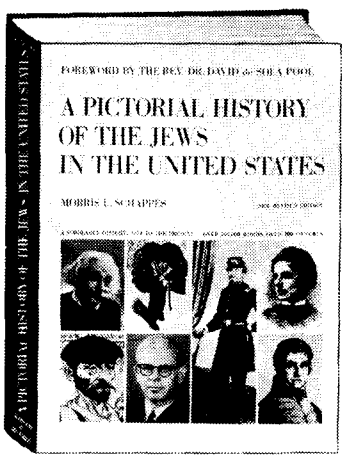

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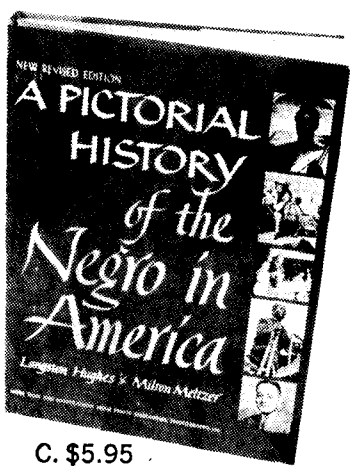

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